



by DAISY F. BOSTICK and
DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

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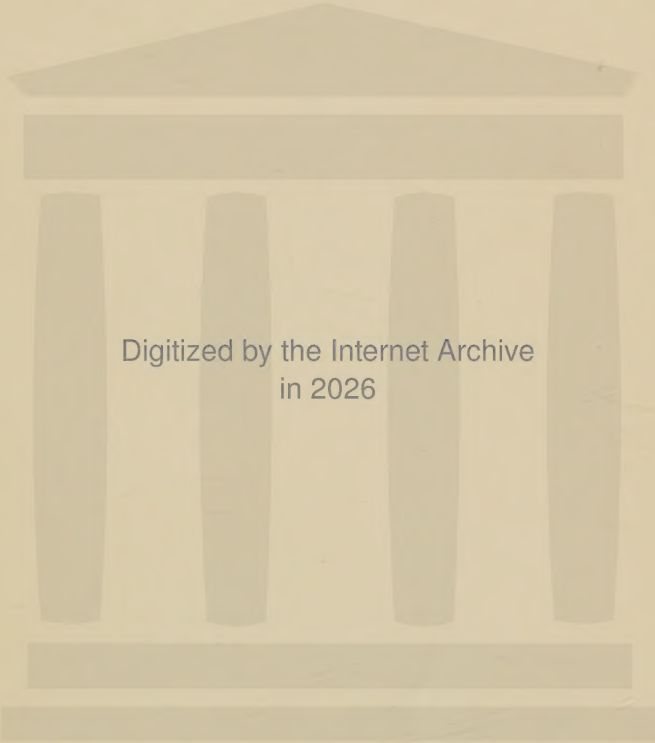
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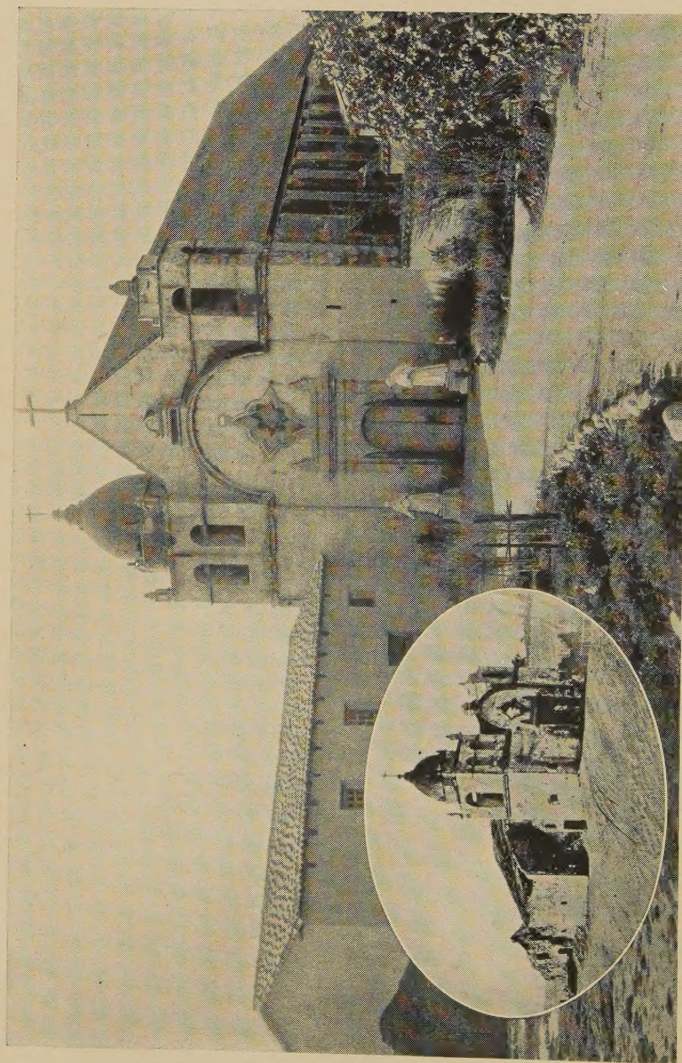


Photo by L. Josselyn

MISSION SAN CARLOS BORROMEO DE CARMELO TODAY.
THE MISSION BEFORE RESTORATION. (*Insert*).

CARMEL—AT WORK AND PLAY

BY

DAISY F. BOSTICK

AND

DOROTHEA CASTELHUN



CARMEL
THE SEVEN ARTS
1925

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JAMES FRANK STEWARD

Photo by L. J. Smith

To James Frank Devendorf, who twenty-five years ago prepared the way for others to enjoy Carmel's pine forests and rugged coast— who planted a hundred trees for every one that was destroyed—who has supported every movement for Carmel's civic and artistic growth—who loves and is loved by all true Carmelites—

TO

JAMES FRANK DEVENDORF

Pioneer -- Builder -- Friend

We dedicate this book.

—The Authors.

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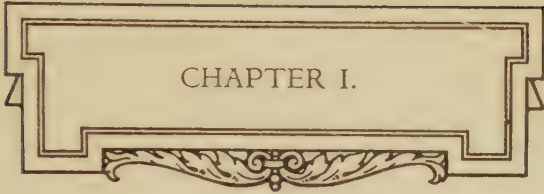
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CARMEL---AT WORK AND PLAY



Photo by L. Josselyn
CARMEL BEACH—THE SHALLOW PRINT OF A GIANT THUMB IN THE OUTLINE OF THE SHORE.



CHAPTER I.

CARMEL'S TODAYS AND YESTERDAYS

On the Banks of the Rio Carmelo.

IT comes as a shock to the average Easterner to learn that all of eighteen years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, Don Sebastian Vizcaino entered the Bay of Monterey and took possession of the adjacent soil in the name of his sovereign, King Philip III of Spain. That was on the sixteenth day of December, 1602.

With Vizcaino's company had traveled two Carmelite friars. And when the commander named their landing place for his patron, the Count of Monterey, they requested permission to name the little valley to the south beyond the hill, Carmelo, in honor of the religious order to which they belonged. Their request was granted, and thus the name Carmelo existed long before any white man settled here.

In 1770, a century and a half ago, that pioneer and pathfinder, Father Junipero Serra, founded the Mission and Presidio of San Carlos Borromeo de Mon-

terey. But, in order to provide for its agricultural needs, a mission must have fertile fields lying close by. For this reason, a year later, Father Serra and his group of followers toiled over the hill, picked their way through dense pine forests, and settled down again on the edge of the sunny valley which was more suited for their purpose. This was the beginning of the Mission San Carlos Borromeo de Carmelo.

Years afterward when the Reverend Father's bones were resting in the shadow of the lonely mission tower, when the flowing music of the Spanish language began to be displaced by the terse American of the Yankee, the final letter was dropped from Carmelo, and it remained Carmel.

The old Mission, recently restored, stands in austere beauty, though many of the adobe walls of the stockade which surrounded it in the old days have crumbled into fine dust. It nestles serenely on the lower slope of a wide meadow extending to the sea. Now, as then, the waves drone their responses to the Padre's call to prayer; the trees still whisper their secrets of love, beauty and romance; wild things,—coons, foxes, coyotes,—play hide-and-seek in the moonlight; the sand on the beach glistens just as white, the cliffs that border it rise just as gaunt, as in the days when Serra loved it. Indeed, so greatly did he love and appreciate the beauties of the country roundabout that he described it often as "The Garden of God."

The town of Carmel took its name from the Mission which lies just a stone's throw from the southern boundary of the village. Natural beauty of environment and a return to the primitive were the only inducements to early settlers. They drew a small group

of artists and writers who came to find the seclusion which encourages concentration and the beauty which furnishes inspiration for creative work. Gradually others have joined them.

Fifteen years before Carmel had even its first beginnings, a young man was tramping through the woods and over the hills of the Monterey Peninsula, making a survey of the land for the United States government. Something of the discoverer's exultant satisfaction filled him when one day he suddenly came out from the forest upon the white beach of Carmel. So strongly did the unusual beauty of this scene appeal to him that when he turned in his report to the government, he accompanied it by an enthusiastic description, which was later printed in *Scribner's Magazine*. This first piece of real estate literature, written forty years ago, was by David Starr Jordan, and when Carmel was opened to the public many years later, Dr. Jordan was one of the first to buy and build. Following him came other professors from the universities, and one of the blocks on the old Camino Real is still known as "Professors' Row."

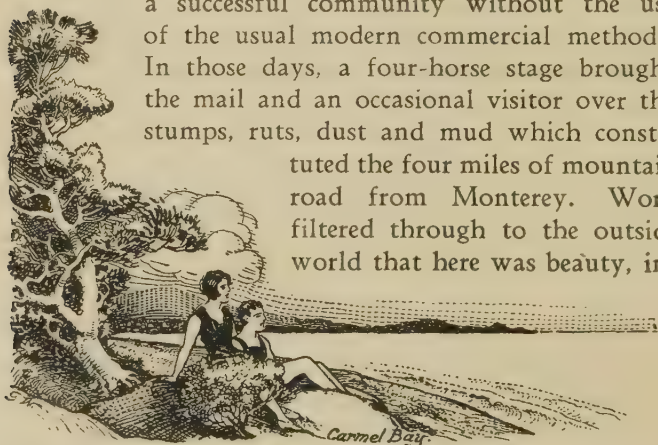
In front of Carmel lies a mile of clean white beach. Foaming breakers, showing translucent jade where the light strikes through, race with each other for the shore. Cypress Point on the north and Point Carmel on the south form what is known as Carmel Bay, though it is scarcely that in the usual meaning of the word. It is more as if a giant hand in forming this rough and rocky coast, had let a giant thumb indent a shallow print in the outline of the shore. The open sea sweeps up on the sands with that same mysterious pull and powerful surge with

which it pounds upon the rocky cliffs of the jutting promontories. Back of all this playground of the winds and the sun and sea-mist lie the shadowed paths and dim solitude of the forest where pine and oak mingle.

At one end of the town flows the Carmel River, wandering down through the drowsy fertile valley. In the distance rise the mountains in wave-like layers, at times brought into startling blue relief by the clear California sunshine, and again softened by the misty gray of a sweeping fog or the flaming gold of a radiantly setting sun.

The Artists' Paradise

The early founders of Carmel,—Frank Powers, lately deceased, and J. F. Devendorf, still active in the development of Carmel and the country roundabout,—had the vision to realize the possibilities of building a successful community without the use of the usual modern commercial methods. In those days, a four-horse stage brought the mail and an occasional visitor over the stumps, ruts, dust and mud which constituted the four miles of mountain road from Monterey. Word filtered through to the outside world that here was beauty, in-

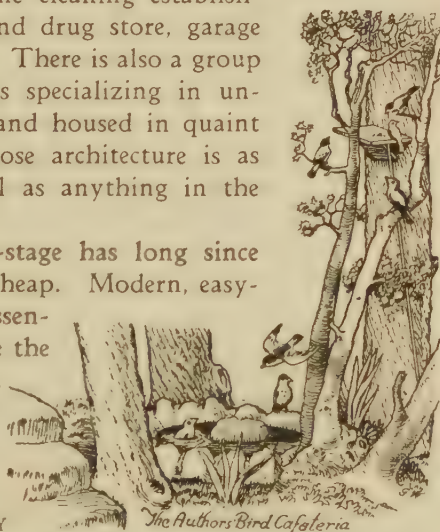


SKETCH BY GRANT WALLACE.

spiration, a still backwater "undisturbed by the rush of the passing current." Brother artists came visiting—were caught and held by golden sunsets, enchanted woods, gnarled cypresses, rainbow-hued waters—and sent for their typewriters and their easels. A few dollars down secured them a lot. Then, with due regard for the prior rights of dignified pines and chummy oaks, they squeezed a little shack in among the tree trunks—and began to live in tranquil contentment.

As the population increased, the tiny business section grew to keep pace with it. The one grocery has become seven; the real estate office, candy store, hotel and barber shop, have each acquired friendly rivals. There is now a bank, a shoemaker, a bootblack, a tailor, a doctor and a dentist, a movie and a bakery; with more than one cleaning establishment, dry goods and drug store, garage and beauty parlor. There is also a group of distinctive shops specializing in unusual merchandise and housed in quaint little buildings whose architecture is as charmingly original as anything in the country.

The old horse-stage has long since gone into the junk-heap. Modern, easy-riding, twenty-passenger auto buses make the trip four times a day over a paved highway to the station at Monterey.



SKETCH BY
GRANT WALLACE.

Despite its growth, Carmel has developed along lines consistent with its original atmosphere, probably because most of the people who settled here wanted just that rest and seclusion which Carmel had to give. They liked it because there were no factories, no industries, no shriek of siren, no tolling bells; they preferred roadside paths to city sidewalks, a moonlit beach to a Great White Way.

The Artists in Politics.

A few years ago, the artists became alarmed at the threatening encroachment of Progress and elected an art ticket to the local Board of Trustees. The slogan was—"Keep Carmel off the map. We don't want Boosters' Clubs, Get-Together Organizations or Chambers of Commerce."

One of the candidates, Perry Newberry,—artist, writer, journalist,—made his fight on the following platform:

"Believing that what 9,999 towns out of 10,000 want is just what Carmel shouldn't have, I am a candidate for trustee on the platform, DON'T BOOST! I am making a spirited campaign to win by asking those who disagree with me to vote against me."

Mr. Newberry tacked his poster on the town bulletin-board. It read:

"Don't Vote for Perry Newberry
If you hope to see Carmel become a city.
If you want its growth boosted.
If you desire its commercial success.
If street lamps on its corners mean happiness to you.
If concrete street pavements represent your civic ambitions.

If you have less regard for the unique character of Carmel than for the opportunity of money making.

If you think that a glass factory is of greater value than a sand dune, or a millionaire than an artist, or a mansion than a little brown cottage.

If you truly want Carmel to become a boosting, hustling, wide-awake lively metropolis,

DON'T VOTE FOR PERRY NEWBERRY

The art element has attempted, and indeed accomplished, many things for civic betterment. They bonded their little village for \$30,000 in order to buy the sand dunes and cliffs along the shore line and to insure them for posterity against the hands of vandals.

They drafted a zoning ordinance to keep hotels and other commercial activities away from the beautiful water front and out of the residential sections. The battle that ensued was terrific; all Carmel residents came out of their hiding places and took sides. All who had small commercial enterprises in the residential district—such as the lady who gave dinners to a few neighbors, the chicken fancier, the seamstress, the rug dealer—handled such words as “unconstitutional” with fluency and unction. The labor unions feared the curtailment of their activities. Property owners felt that they should be allowed to do what they pleased with their own. A group of “progressives” planned a large Spanish hotel on the water front, “a bath to every room.” And the artists in strong opposition to such a move had their hands full. They held neighborhood meetings—talked—explained—breathed—lived—ZONING. Lurid headlines in San Francisco

papers announced the "Art versus Dollars" slogan, petitions were circulated and a referendum election was called.

When the smoke of battle drifted out of the little second-hand furniture store where the votes were counted, it was found that the artists had lost—by two votes. But they consoled themselves with the thought that at least they had gone down fighting for their ideals.

Another zoning ordinance, less drastic than the former one, has lately been accepted without protest.

A number of the issues in which the encroaching hand of progress threatened to despoil the natural beauty of the place have been fought out in the courts. The artists bitterly opposed the paving of the main street. They brought suit against the trustees who had ordered the work done and won on technicalities. Later, the trustees corrected their errors, and a concrete pavement was laid.

What Carmel Wants and Doesn't Want

It has many times been falsely stated that Carmel is opposed to progress. While it is true that the residents vehemently condemn all systematic effort to enlarge the town, increase its population or make so-called improvements at the expense of its natural beauties, they are really quite normal in their acceptance of the comforts of civilization. They use bathtubs, toothbrushes and vacuum cleaners without protest, and they enjoy electric lights, telephones and good plumbing.

On the other hand, they make no bid for industries with smoke stacks, dinner pails and pay rolls. One



GOLF COURSE IN DEL MONTE FOREST.

Photo by Gabriel Moulin



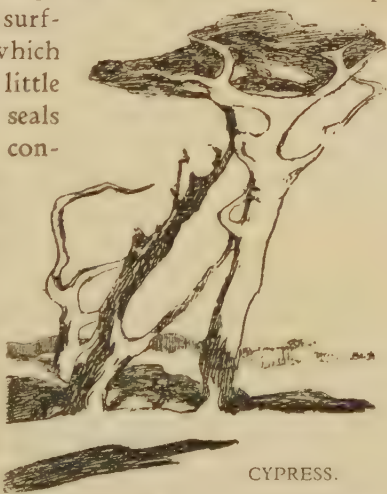
Photo by L. Josselyn
BLANCHED TRUNKS AND TWISTED BRANCHES OF CYPRESS-TREES
ON SEVENTEEN MILE DRIVE.

real estate folder says frankly: "For those who seek a place to vent their enterprise in money-making, Carmel is perhaps the most unfortunate choice on the Pacific Coast that could be made. For those who 'come west' for a job in California climate, there is little opportunity in Carmel except for the domestic servant or perhaps for some artisan of the building trades that construct the houses in which Carmel villagers live."

Seventeen Mile Drive

Along the shore between Carmel and Pacific Grove, which is at the junction of sea and Monterey Bay, winds the far-famed Seventeen Mile Drive. It skirts Del Monte Forest which contains thousands of acres of stately pines, tangled live oak and manzanita, luxuriant mountain laurel and fragrant wild lilac. It sweeps out to the very edge of surf-beaten cliffs, along which are scattered lonely little rock islands, where seals and cormorants bask contentedly in the sun and the air is filled with flocks of restlessly wheeling seagulls.

The drive wanders among the gaunt cypress trees, their blanched trunks and twisted branches straining back from the stormy winds that



CYPRESS.

ETCHING BY M. DE NEALE MORGAN.

have buffeted them for so many years. A grove of these weird trees recalls to mind the illustrations of gloomy forests in the old editions of fairy tales. Many of them are famed for their fantastic resemblance to ostriches, foxes and other animals. The Ghost Tree, waving its melancholy arms, its strangely blown draperies gleaming through the dark, often startles the stranger who comes suddenly upon it at night.

Robert Louis Stevenson felt the fascination of this wild and lonely bit of coast, and used the Monterey Peninsula as a background for his famous *Treasure Island*. You may find the very cove where the treasure hunters of the *Hispaniola* landed. You may see the sweeping sea of sand dunes across which they toiled. There also stands the thicket of live oaks among which the pirates held their conference, and where Jim Hawkins beheld Long John Silver strike down the man who had rebelled against joining in his murderous plan.

The elaborate mansions of millionaires give a specious air of civilization to the forest back of Pebble Beach, though incidents such as that of the artist who complained of being kept awake by deer trampling across his porch at night, are not unusual. Glimpses of elk and wild cats are of common occurrence even here. The Drive finally sweeps across the velvet-covered cliffs of the Pebble Beach Golf Course which forms the northern boundary of Carmel.

The beauties of the coast to north and south of Carmel have often attracted the makers of moving pictures and furnished settings of many types, from simple New England fishing villages to the most sophisticated European resorts. Mary Pickford's big success, *Tess of the Storm Country*, was filmed on a

lonely part of the Seventeen Mile Drive, and the remarkably accurate Monte Carlo scenes of Eric Von Stroheim's *Foolish Wives* were taken on the cliffs of Point Lobos.

Carmel Highlands

On the other side of Carmel, down the coast four miles, the rocky, cypress-topped cliffs of Point Carmel, better known as Point Lobos, run out into an azure sea. Artists revel in the fantastic beauty of this grim headland; writers dream over the richness of its legendary and romantic history.

A short distance below Point Lobos is the Carmel Highlands settlement. It clings to the steep mountain-side and extends from among the lofty pines and redwoods right down to the ragged line of the mottled brown and white cliffs. The wide windows of the beautiful living room of Highlands Inn seem to hang over the very edge of a jade-green sea and look down into a dazzling swirl of surf gleaming in the sunlight. The intensely deep blue of the ocean here and along this section of the coast can be matched only in the vivid color that dyes the long-paeaned waters of the Mediterranean.

A number of artists and writers have been drawn by the charm of Carmel Highlands to make their homes there. They enjoy its nearness to the artistic and theatrical life of Carmel; its dreamy quiet and seclusion; and its vista to the south of lofty blue mountains running down to the water's edge and softly melting into the distant haze.

A road now winds up the face of the mountain

behind the Highlands. In long zig-zag sweeps, through pines and oak and manzanita, it takes you up to the summit. There you can gaze in all four directions over a view that leaves you speechless at its vastness and beauty. To the west, the boundless blue Pacific—to the east, as far as eye can see, an endless panorama of mountains, marching in rows and disappearing over the rim of the world.

Below the Highlands opens out a vast almost unexplored country, said to be the greatest wilderness on the Pacific Coast. Through this enormous acreage which is drained by the Big Sur River, a road is pushing its way. It will be known as the Carmel-San Simeon Highway, and when it is completed, tourists from Southern California will be able to drive for miles along the Pacific Ocean on what is even now called the "American Riviera." Its marvelous scenic beauty will make it undoubtedly one of the most magnificent highways in the world.

When that time comes, Carmel will have its place on the map. Already signs of the coming era of prosperity are in evidence. One or two apartment houses are rearing their heads, and an oil station has usurped the corner which once belonged to a group of spreading oaks.

There is much real sadness at the coming invasion, at least among those who see the Almighty Dollar in its true proportions. They fear that the old Carmel and the old spirit of its founders must inevitably retire to oblivion when commercial prosperity steps in. But the slogan of the artists, "If we must grow, let us grow along our original lines," will surely be effective in preserving to a great extent the beauty,

[26]



FROM THE WINDOWS OF CAMPEL HIGHLANDS INN YOU LOOK DOWN INTO THE SOUTHERN
THE EDGE OF A JADE-GREEN SEA.



"OF SOME REVERBERANT CAVE
IN WHICH THE OCEAN'S MONSTROUS CHUCKLE WAKES."
—George Sterling.

charm and simplicity which have already furnished a lure for countless tourists and home-seekers.

Whatever happens, there will still be whitecaps dancing on the ultramarine blue of a friendly sea, mellow bars of rusty light will slant through pine trees, and mackerel skies will catch the rosy afterglow of a setting sun.

CARMEL MISSION BY MOONLIGHT

BY HERBERT HERON

The moon is cold; the ocean air is chill.

Alone with lonely owls the Mission stands,

The staring belfry towering on the sands

That hold in Serra's grave the ever still

Repose of mighty labors—love and will

In rest profound, where once the brooding bands

Of dark-souled beings lifted up their hands

To God, and heard the angel voices thrill.

Mute are the bells that called the nights of old;

Forever lost the rapturous melody

That mingled with the sounding of the sea:

The lofty moon, through clouds of windy cold,

Mourns in her silver faith their vanished gold,

The altar-lights of warmth and mystery.



CHAPTER II.

THE PERSONALITY OF CARMEL

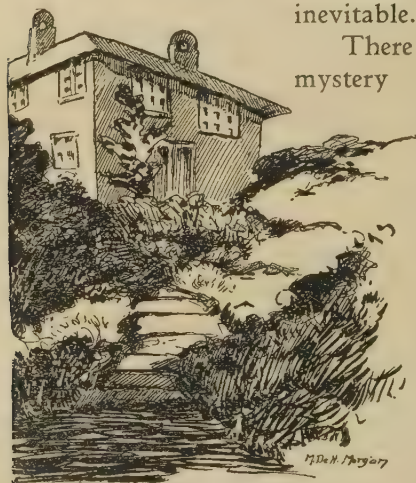
Carmel Homes and Gardens.

MUCH of Carmel's charm is undoubtedly due to its homes. Although there are a few imposing castle-like mansions of stone and stucco down near the dazzling crescent of beach, most of the houses look as if they had grown into their surroundings as naturally as the pines. Little low redwood cottages snuggle in among the silver green trunks of oaks, they hide back of masses of wild lilac, or peep out over the tops of quaint, moss-flecked wooden palings.

Their gardens are enchanted places! Stepping-stone paths of chalkrock taken from the hills near by wander among the bushes and lead around the bird pool, which is an integral part of almost every Carmel garden. Masses of bright-colored flowers blossom hit or miss in all corners with the same fine spirit of democracy that is typical of Carmel community life. Soft brown pine needles cover the ground. The Easterner will look in vain for neatly-clipped lawns of green grass. But he will be quick to notice, growing in casual out-door hardness,

plants he has been wont to see carefully cherished in hot houses—luxuriant vines of fuchsia and tall bushes of fragrant heliotrope. But almost as surprising to him are the clusters of wild flowers nodding their heads cheerfully about the very doorstep—the golden poppy, gay lupines and little wild pansies.

The true Carmel garden knows no straight lines nor conventional symmetry of arrangement. The stately pines, the clump of oaks and the tangle of manzanita are allowed to hold their places undisputed. The gardens—and even the houses—take what is left of the sunny hillside, and grow up around and among these first settlers as best they may. Much of this apparently natural arrangement is, of course, the result of “true art which but conceals art.” The planning is so lovingly and understandingly done, however, that the beauty of Carmel gardens seems entirely natural and inevitable.



GARDEN STEPS.

There is a certain air of mystery and romance about these glimpses of little redwood houses, with their gaily - painted windows and doors, which fascinates the passerby. Not the forbidding, standoffish reserve of the character whose dignity you must not forget, but a sort of quietly - mischievous, chuckling spirit of



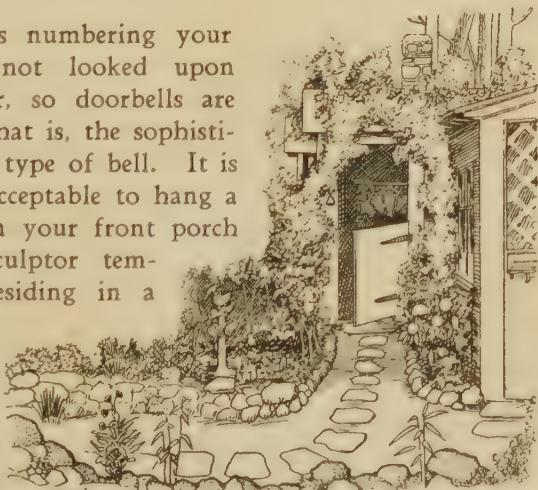
Photos by L. Josselyn

A LITTLE REDWOOD HOUSE WITH GAILY PAINTED WINDOWS
AND DOORS.
THE TRUE CARMEL GARDEN KNOWS NO STRAIGHT LINES.

hide-and-go-seekishness. There is moreover something subtly friendly and hospitable about them. Looking at these houses among the pines and dancing oaks, you realize that the people who dwell in them must live in comfortable freedom from the heavy hand of formality. Who cares about the famous *Book of Etiquette* when you cook your steak over a grill in the garden, and eat your meals squeezed into a chummy breakfast nook, with birds pecking crumbs from the windowsill?

If you want to find any particular home in Carmel, you are never directed by number, for with a few frowned-upon exceptions, houses bear no street numbers. You may, however, be helped a little by a name which adorns the gate, or swings from a rustic sign hung on the limb of a tree. And who would not rather start out on a search for *The Gray Goose*, *The Cooky Jar* or *Joybell* than to pursue a cold 910 Main street?

Just as numbering your house is not looked upon with favor, so doorbells are taboo. That is, the sophisticated, city type of bell. It is perfectly acceptable to hang a cowbell on your front porch—as a sculptor temporarily residing in a little cottage did—to warn you of the approach of visitors.



Wild Lilac Porch - Home of G. H.

SKETCH BY GRANT WALLACE.

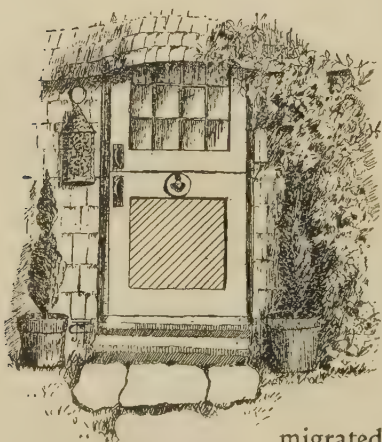
A long cow's tail hung at Mary Austin's door. This, timidly pulled by the stranger, set into loud jangling the cowbell to which it was attached on the inside of the house. Musical gongs or tinkling fairy chimes are found at some thresholds, but the knocker is the most popular. Every type is utilized. On one door is fastened the sole of an old shoe with its heel to beat the tattoo; at another there hangs a huge iron key in a ring.

Carmel front doors are usually adorned with a pad of paper and a pencil. To the newcomer these give a quaintly inconsistent touch reminiscent of business office efficiency. Just the same, they are a great convenience in social intercourse, for telephones are to be found in few residences. And if you've trudged through sandy roads only to find your friend out, you get some satisfaction in writing a note stating the purpose of your call. Another front-door appendage is the large

brush with which you remove the inch-thick dust from your shoes during the dry season.

A walk in Carmel generally turns into a voyage of discovery. Even the natives find surprises when they set out for a ramble. Somebody has put up a little studio in the corner of a garden—somebody else has calmly picked up his house and

migrated to another lot. And



CARMEL DOORWAY.
By Josephine Culbertson.

now where is that winding road

through the pines? Disappeared completely since the last time you came this way! In its place sits a little steep-roofed, redwood board-and-bat house which must have sprung up like a mushroom overnight. Today it fits snugly into the embrace of the oaks and pines as if it had been there since time began.

And Speaking of Roads.

The Carmel roads have just as much individuality and temperament as any artist who settled here to seek freedom of expression. Sometimes they choose to take a straight, business-like swoop out to the edge of the Carmel valley, but more often they prefer to ramble aimlessly along. They meet an aggressive-looking clump of trees, and politely they turn aside, leaving a little island of forest in the middle of the street. Lanes wind through stately groves of pine along the old Serra trails, footpaths dodge in and out among the bushes, and the motorist finds himself frequently slipping into low gear to climb an unexpected Alpine stump or plow his weary way through a sand dune. The people of Carmel would not have its streets different. They are not moved to pity even by the innocent tourist returning crestfallen to the hotel, after a block of painful stumbling over humps and hollows in thin-soled, French-heeled agony.

Carmel lies on the slope of a mountain-side, and the winter waters run tumultuously to the sea. If you don't want your lot entirely washed away, you get up in the night and with shovel and hoe divert the flood onto your neighbor's garden. If the neighbor escapes being transported into the middle of the Pacific

before morning, he cheerfully digs his little channel and sends the waters back upon you. It becomes merely a survival of the most patient, with no hard feelings on either side.

But even the Carmel native has never learned the ups and downs of the roads sufficiently well to navigate them on dark nights without the aid of artificial light. Which brings us to

The Carmel Lantern of the Old Days.

When candle and coal oil lamp were the only means of illumination, getting comfortably to the post office of an evening or to a neighborhood gathering was a difficult matter. Something had to be done about it! A Carmel lady of social disposition and inventive genius took an old tomato can, punched a hole in the side, and pushed a candle through. Inside the can, the wick burned steadily, protected from wind; outside the can, the candle formed a handle by which to hold the lantern. Gleefully other Carmel nocturnal ramblers seized upon this invention. They called it a "bug" or "miner's wick" and found it entirely efficient in guiding them safely over sprawling roots or around the holes which once trapped the unwary in front of the Carmel grocery.

The next step in the progress of illumination was the more elaborate Carmel lantern made of a lamp chimney set over a candle on a small round disk, and carried by a wire handle. Modern flashlights and electric street lights are inevitably superseding the old bug and the Carmel lantern, but many loyal natives

cling to the ancient customs. Among the surviving institutions are

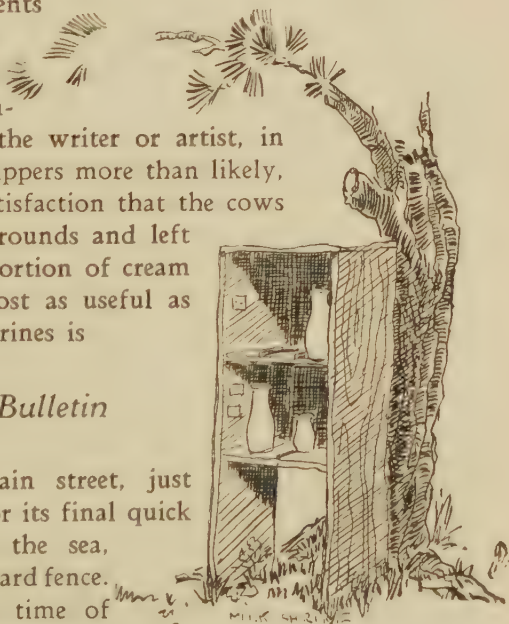
The Milk Shrines.

To the newcomer, they look like little empty open-faced bookshelves set on stilts. Slightly withdrawn from the footpath, or sidewalk if such there be, the milk shrines stand in lonely patience under the trees, one to every two blocks. The shelves are divided into pigeon holes with real or imaginary partitions separating them, and the name of the claimant to the space thumbtacked to the back of the compartment. Here every evening gather the bottles, each with its exact twelve cents

or a neat little milk ticket. The following morning out sallies the writer or artist, in bathrobe and slippers more than likely, to find with satisfaction that the cows have made the rounds and left him his daily portion of cream or milk. Almost as useful as these modest shrines is

The Carmel Bulletin Board.

On the main street, just where it dips for its final quick rush down to the sea, stands an old board fence. At almost any time of



MILK SHRINE. BY IRA REMSEN.

day you may see interested tourists lingering in front of it. Here are posted notices of lost puppies, sweaters, spectacles, bathing suits, and the like. Here are announcements of reading club gatherings, humane society meetings, help-wanted signs, posters advertising riding schools and tea rooms, as well as many a delightful exchange proposition.

The faith of a child in the efficiency of the bulletin board was once demonstrated in a notice reading: "Any one finding the mate to this shoe please tack it up alongside of this one." A battered little shoe hung in lonely appeal waiting for its better half!

Another notice read: "Lost—two loaves of bread. Will the finder please return to * * * at * *
If eaten, please bring 25 cents."

That the functions of the bulletin board have not been entirely usurped by the local paper was proved by a large scrawl which appeared on it: "Any one knowing the name of the Great American Serpent in four letters, please write it here."

At one time there hung a pad of paper and a pencil tacked to the board, with the command, "Leave your orders for wood here." Many a customer, meekly obeying, never knew the name of the obliging dealer.

In the old days this fence ran in opposition to a local grocer's sidewalk blackboard on which items of world news vied for interest with daily bargains in food commodities. One day you might read, "Taft elected president. Six pounds of sugar for 25c." Or perhaps, "One pair brown trunks and one assassin's spear missing. Please return to Forest Theatre. If no one is around, put them under the loose plank over orchestra pit. Sardines packed in genuine olive oil 20c a can."

But though this delightful board has ceased to function, the newcomer still gets an interesting and enlightening introduction to the character of Carmel on his first stroll up and down the main business street, which is known as

Ocean Avenue.

Ocean Avenue is a curious blend of old and new, of the picturesque and the ordinary, of art and commerce. In these varied shop-fronts you are given a thumbnail sketch of the life in Carmel today. Dingy wooden buildings, of the mining-town type recognizable to any movie-goer; recently painted, plate-glassed little stores on lines familiar to the citizens of any prosperous town in the West: an efficient looking brand-new bank:—these are some of the fronts representing both old and new settlers who came to Carmel just to live, not necessarily to express their soul yearnings with pen and brush.

Mixed in with them are those original little shops, planned and executed and occupied by artists who see no reason why Trade should not be housed in beauty. The visitor exclaims in delight; "How charming! How European!" And indeed there is a touch of the English in the half-timber of this one and the thatched-roof effect and funny little bow-window of that one. A flavor of Italy is twisted into the wrought-iron sign swinging in front of the Court of the Golden Bough, about which cluster some of the most interesting and lovely of the Carmel shops.

In these attractive places you may buy useful and beautiful things such as are displayed in shops on

Boylston Street, Boston, or on upper Fifth Avenue. Rare jewels and famous pieces of furniture at *Tilly Polak's* antique shop, carved ivory and jade in the oriental shops, imported tweeds and all manner of the finest sport clothes at *Cabbages and Kings*, the latest in women's frills in the *Cinderella Shop*, or *Eliot and Marian*, handwoven scarfs and homespun at *The Weaving Shop*, books and etchings, writers' and artists' materials at *The Seven Arts*, which, by the way, was the first of Carmel's unique shops.

When Carmel is playing, it doesn't matter whether your shop is stucco with brightly-painted window-boxes or whether it is clapboard of sober gray. If you can act or play baseball—and you don't even need to be specially good at it just so long as you enjoy doing it—you have your place in Carmel community life, where author and grocer, artist and druggist, poet and plumber, all play joyously together.

There isn't a TIRED BUSINESS MAN in Carmel, for few of the shopkeepers allow business to interfere with pleasure. To do some business each day is all right, but to pursue more of it too eagerly would be liable to brand one a worshiper of the Golden Calf.

This makes shopping ordinarily something of a game of a chance. You are not expected to want to buy anything at all before ten o'clock, and even later than that, if the store is open, you may walk in and still find no traces of a proprietor, though the cash register may be trustingly open. Generally, however, stepping to the door and looking inquiringly up and down the street will bring results.

From a knot of people occupying the middle of the sidewalk a gentleman will detach himself reluctantly



A BIT OF OCEAN AVENUE. ARTHUR CYRIL, PROMINENT ACTOR AND PRODUCER, WITH
HIS ORNAMENTAL WOLF HOUND, LATELY VISIBLE IN FRONT OF GLASSBORO BUILDING.

Photo by L. Josselyn



Photos by L. Josselyn

PINE INN, OCEAN AVENUE.

ENGLISH COTTAGES FOR GUESTS OF PINE INN.

and saunter back to his shop to wait upon you. He may be an exact model of "What the Well-Dressed Man is Wearing" in knickers and golf socks—or he may be in gray flannel shirt, spotted corduroy and old puttees. People in Carmel, shopkeepers included, really do wear almost exactly what they choose.

Or attempting to enter the drugstore some afternoon, you may find upon the door a note informing you, "Have gone home for a nap. Back at five."

A trusting disposition have these shopkeepers, one and all. The proprietor of the news company leaves his supply of papers at night and on Sunday on the step outside with a notice, "Take one. You can drop the money in the slot in the door."

The real estate dealer, expecting a tenant to arrive in town after hours, leaves an envelope tacked to his office door. On it is written for the benefit of the tenant, as well as any passerby, the information that the key to the house is contained in the envelope. Directions for finding the house are usually added.

Carmel business men always have time to gather in groups on the sidewalk and argue about town improvements, to take part in plays and to show a great deal of interest in the arts. You can scarcely find one whose entire life and thought are devoted to business only, or who has always been in business.

One of the realtors displays a very good collection of paintings on his wall. . . . The proprietor of *The Seven Arts* was a professional actor and stage director.

. . . The man who owns the news stand has a collection of bugs that would be a valuable acquisition to any museum. . . . *The Cinderella Shop* is presided over by a former short story writer. . . . The local

plumber has only lately retired from carrying a spear in Forest Theater production. . . . A genial plasterer declares that acting is his real vocation and that he plasters only as an avocation. . . . The man who sells fine golf togs was a pageant director in the East and is one of the best amateur actors in the community. The owner of the shops and theater which form *The Court of the Golden Bough* was a professional cellist and formerly business manager of one of the largest symphony orchestras in the West. . . . The host of the comfortable inn on Ocean Avenue reads *Hamlet* by day and rehearses in local shows at night. . . . The candy and restaurant man was once sparring partner for a famous prizefighter. . . . The hardware man was formerly a dancing teacher. . . . The proprietor of the flower shop called *The Bloomin' Basement* is the wife of one of America's best known writers, who gets something like a dollar a word for his stories.

After the day has really begun, Ocean Avenue becomes a place of much life and movement. Apparently everybody in Carmel "counts that day lost whose low-descending sun" has not witnessed him making at least one trip to the shops and the post office. There is no mail delivery in Carmel, and you are likely to meet almost every one you know at the post office at ten, one and seven o'clock, the three times when the mail is distributed.

Parties are achieved with simplicity and dispatch. One Carmelite meets another in the meat market or the post office. "Let's have a party at your house to-night," says A to B.

"All right," agrees B. promptly, "you tell every

one you see and I'll do the same. And say, tell them all to ask their friends." The chances are that B., at whose house the party gathers, gets a few of his own friends, of course, but even if he doesn't, he's quite happy making the acquaintance of a new group.

Dogs are distinct and important personalities in Carmel. Their numbers are bewildering! It appears to an outsider that the business section, at any hour of the day or night, contains on an average of five dogs to a person. You stumble over them as you enter a store, you weave your way among them in the post office. Occasional fights cause the suspension of all business until the combatants are separated and peace restored to an anxious public.

Dogs are always referred to with their owners' last names, quite as a matter of course. Everybody who lives in Carmel knows Jimmie Dougan Byrnes, Brownie Hopper, Rags Bechdolt, King Kuster, Cubby Wallace, Buddy De Yoe, Buntz Bixby, Brownie Overstreet, Weenie Tooey and scores of others too numerous to mention. In some cases, the dogs are more familiar figures on the streets than the masters whose names are known from coast to coast.

You can scarcely be a real Carmelite without a dog attached to your household. Many a family, soon realizing their incompleteness, have hastened to the Humane Society kennels to repair this lack. There are always a number of dogs to be found eager for a home upon which to lavish their whole-hearted loyalty. The Carmel Humane Society is doing a good work in distributing educational propaganda, maintaining a shelter for homeless animals and providing a public executioner for those unfortunate enough to be a menace.

At the upper end of the Avenue are gathered the garages, the movie hall, and a big livery stable. After this, the avenue turns off and wanders across into the Eighty-Acre tract to look for wild flowers under the trees.

So far, however, the business of the town has pushed west only a few blocks below the crest of Ocean Avenue where it plunges down the hill—so steeply that the sea rises at its foot like a solid blue wall between the pines. Wherever you stand on Ocean Avenue, you may look and catch a glimpse of this blue and always you can hear the murmur of the waves breaking on the white sand. Perhaps that is why the dwellers in this pine forest are content to let the voice of the sea sound louder than the voice of trade in the sunny streets of Carmel.

All Carmel Loves to Play.

Not only the writers and artists who wish to relax after their concentration on creative accomplishment, but everybody else, including the visitor and tourist, falls under the spell of this natural playground.

Hills and valley, river and sea, forest and shore—they persistently call you out to enjoy your favorite sport in bracing breeze and golden sunshine. The golfer can reach in a few moments the fine greens of the Pebble Beach course spread out upon the cliffs. The horseback rider and the hiker may follow for miles the beautiful winding bridle trails through a vast primeval forest where they catch sight of elk and deer and coyotes, flecked with sunshine and shadow, disappearing into the dense underbrush. The man who

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loves to fish may take his choice of angling with rod and line from the shore, or he may go out deep-sea fishing from Pebble Beach and Monterey. Down the coast a little way there is also fine fishing, both fresh water and salt. A few hours' ride brings the hunter to marshes teeming with wild geese and ducks, while the hills and woods a few miles south of Carmel offer larger prey of deer, fox and mountain lion.

Of amusements nearer home there is no lack of variety. Beach suppers with mussel bakes; bonfires with singing, story-telling and impromptu burlesques; community dinners prepared on outdoor grills; masquerades, fiestas and fetes. Poker and roulette have long had their inevitable place, but creeping insidiously into the simple informal play-life of the town have come bridge and ma jong parties, with afternoon teas, dress suits, imported gowns and even calling cards. When the Carmelite yearns on occasion for pleasures of a metropolitan flavor, there lies on the other side of the hill the famous Del Monte Hotel with palm grill and dance orchestra to serve his mood.

But if you want to see all Carmel at play, you have only to go up into Carmel Woods any Sunday afternoon and watch the progress of a Carmel baseball game played by the famous

Abalone League.

Here you find boys of ten and fifteen on the same team with boys of forty and fifty. Each team has several girl members. Writers, painters, the doctor and the druggist, business men of every line, wood choppers and retired capitalists all come out with eager

faithfulness each week. They play against each other under the proud titles of Sardines, Whales, Seals, Sanddabs, Goldfish and Sharks. The score is carefully kept and at the close of the season, which covers all but a few winter months, the losers give a big banquet to the winning team.

The thrills you get from a hard-fought battle on the Carmel diamond rival those of an Eastern "serious." After a hasty decision, the umpire is likely to go about looking for a knife with which to cut his throat and be out of his misery. Many a player who reached a base not wisely but too well spends the following week on crutches. A good play always receives flattering recognition. When some one makes a home run with three men still on bases, both players and spectators crowd up and shake hands enthusiastically with the hero. There is no Carmel institution more characteristically democratic than its Sunday afternoon baseball.

Pretty nearly everybody in Carmel likes to act, and an indoor sport of much popularity among those interested in the drama is

Carmel Commedia.

As the name suggests, the idea originated in Italy. Mrs. Alfred Burton, whose pen name is Jeanne D'Orge, came across it in medieval Italian history and saw its possibilities for entertainment.

Briefly, it consists of giving a play without any rehearsing or other preparation. All that the group of selected players has to work with is a sketchy synopsis of the plot, hastily told them as they gather outside the living room, one end of which is destined for the

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stage. The play is then acted out before the highly interested audience in purely impromptu fashion. Each actor has to improvise his own lines, manage his stage business, exits and entrances as gracefully and as nearly apropos as possible, and to devise his own effective costume. The wardrobes of the host and the hostess and the wraps of the audience are called into service, and nothing in the house is sacred when it comes to properties required for a hasty stage setting.

The result is always entertaining and often remarkably good from a dramatic standpoint. The players frequently surprise themselves as well as their audience by their unexpectedly clever lines. Naturally this extemporaneous acting furthers the development of self-possession and poise, fluency of speech and originality of thought in those who take part. Much dramatic talent has been discovered through Commedia, talent which has ultimately been employed in the more pretentious theatrical ventures of Carmel. Sometimes Commedia is extremely valuable to a local dramatist who makes use of it to try out a new play. He may produce it in this informal fashion several times with different casts, in order to sound its full possibilities.

Of other Carmel theatricals, which play an important role in the community life of the town, more will be told in a later chapter.

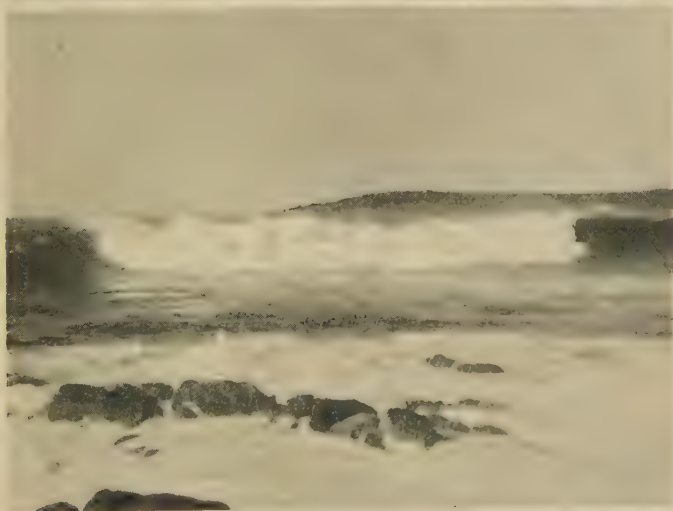
Carmel Hotels.

When you arrive at a Carmel hotel you won't find a liveried attendant at the door nor a canopy across the sidewalk. Indeed, should things happen to be specially quiet it's just possible that you may have to carry

your own luggage into the lobby. But you'll be greeted by a charming hostess who will take a vital interest in whether you made the trip from San Francisco in less than three and a half hours, urge you to warm your toes at the blazing pine log in the big stone fireplace, and give you an immediate feeling of being at home. If the spirit of the true Carmelite is born in you, you'll not miss the frills of metropolitan hotel life. Comfort and cheerful hospitality are yours in pleasant abundance, and you are more than likely to acquire the first germ of that "carmelitis" which will end finally in your returning to make a permanent home among the pines by the sea.

Hotel La Playa was originally the studio of the artist, Chris Jorgensen. Later it was owned and operated as a hotel by Mrs. Agnes Signor, upon whose death it became the property of Harrison and Fred Godwin, under the management of their mother, Mrs. Helen Mueth. A short time ago the hotel was badly damaged by fire, but the massive, picturesque tower and walls of rock which have made it an attractive landmark so long were untouched and they are being incorporated in the extensive plans of the remodeled building.

Pine Inn is intimately associated, also, with the early history of the town. It was the first of the Carmel hostelries and still preserves its quaint old lines, though many enlargements and additions have been made. The little cottages recently added by the owner, John B. Jordan, in the block below the hotel are modeled on the English style and harmonize delightfully with the Carmel atmosphere. The grounds are laid out according to their natural contours, preserving the



Photos by L. Josselyn

LANES WIND ALONG THE OLD SERRA TRAILS.
"WHERE THE BREATH OF THE PLANET DRIVES
AND THE HERDED BILLOWS ROLL."—George Sterling.

shrubs and trees which already had possession of the soil of this hillside.

Carmel Library.

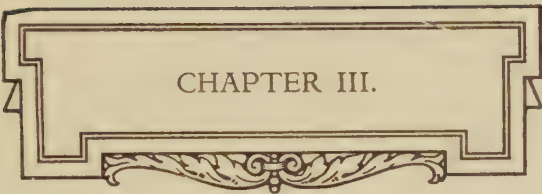
On one of the side streets stands a little rustic cottage with a modest sign reading "Carmel Library." This institution is supported and maintained by private subscription and is used extensively both by residents and tourists. It possesses a collection of books that would do credit to a much larger town while its homely informal atmosphere furnishes a welcome to the reading public.

Observing the notice on the door requesting you to leave your dog outside, you tie him to the porch rail while you enter for a pleasant half hour or more. You chat with the librarian, look over the large array of magazines, inspect the books on the "recent fiction" table, and wander along the shelves hopefully. Part of the time you must crane your neck to see the books skied above the windows, part of the time stoop to peer with futile effort at the titles in dark corners below. (If you're a stranger, you'll be grateful for the set of shelves labeled "Books by Local Authors.")

You will undoubtedly meet at least a few of your friends and exchange cooking recipes or make an appointment for a game of bridge. The Carmel Library serves a two-fold purpose—it is an efficient medium for the distribution of books and a recognized social center.

An appreciative word should be said concerning the late Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison, who provided so generously in her will for a town site and funds with

which to build a memorial library to her husband, Judge Ralph Chandler Harrison. There are some obstacles which are delaying its immediate construction, but the library will in time become an enduring monument not only to a great man, but to a woman who loved Carmel and is herself intimately bound up in its most cherished memories.



CHAPTER III.

LET US GO HOME TO PARADISE

BY ROBINSON JEFFERS

Let us go home to Paradise,
O my adored!
There are neither flaming sword
Prohibitive, nor angel's eyes
Jealous of our happiness.
O from this valley of distress
Look up, look back, to Paradise.

There gentle mists are drawn along
The margins of the deep,
And up the quiet valley creep.
There the pines with low sweet song
Murmur at morning half asleep,
Trailing through each fingered bough
The gray fog on the hill's brow.

Our beautiful peninsula
Cannot rejoice
For all its forest, and the voice
Of breaking waves in Carmel Bay,
Until we come; the cypresses
Grieve above the dove-gray seas
For us their lovers far away.

CARMEL AT WORK.

Carmel's Appeal to the Artist.



T smells like California, it looks like Paradise, and it is New York." Thus Alma and Paul Ellerbe described Carmel in an article entitled *Carmel, the Land of Unsuppressed Desires*, which appeared in the New York Tribune.

No wonder Carmel makes such a strong appeal to the artist! Who would not exchange soot-filled city air for the fragrant odor of pines, backyard lines and endless dingy roofs for purple hills and green forests, the nervous strain of metropolitan life with the discomforts of piercing cold and wilting heat for simple living in comfortable surroundings? And why spend so much money merely to *exist*? Why not spend a third of it, and *live*?

The artist who comes to Carmel finds that he can secure a three-room bungalow, studio or shack for an extremely moderate monthly rent. He can add to his table with fish, abalone or mussels obtained by himself during his hours of exercise. He may spend years wearing out his old clothes. Aside from his smokes and the material for his work, what else does he need that money could buy?

The Carmel climate is ideal for the worker. Ocean breezes and soft drifting fogs keep it cool in summer; clear sunshine warms the air of midwinter days. Meals can be eaten in outdoor patios ten months of the year, and even after the sun goes down, a pine log blazing in the open fireplace will give warmth and cheer.

Life swings along in easy, carefree, happy-go-lucky fashion. Ideals, and sometimes a whole scheme of life, change, when Carmel becomes home. Today's ten cents is as good as yesterday's dollar. Things that mattered so vitally in cities—bank accounts, conventional clothing, keeping up appearances—seem no longer of much importance.

Occasionally an artist falls a victim to the disease of procrastination. With so much beauty just outside his door, with golf links and bridle trails calling him into the warm sunshine, he finds himself yielding, almost before he knows it, to the fatal spell of "manana." Some of the earnest workers who require the stimulus of city life to offset the subtle effects of "carmelitis" divide their time between New York and Carmel.

Others find that one hour's output in Carmel is worth two in less-favored places, and that the beauty and serenity about them here re-kindle their jaded imaginations. They work hard while they work, and enjoy their play hours in the open.

Carmel artists are not Greenwich Village when it comes to bizarre costumes. An occasional batik smock, scarlet shirt or gay silk bandana may be seen, but these spots of color blend as naturally as flowers into a setting of green forest and blue sea. There is none of the jar of violent contrast which they make against a background of dingy brownstone fronts and dusty city pavements. The tourist cannot rely upon the costume to help him pick out the artists and writers in the streets of Carmel. He will find more often than not that the men in old felt hats, flannel and corduroy—what to the Easterner looks like a lumberjack's outfit—

are the nationally known authors and painters in their everyday attire.

The artists of Carmel play a great deal, but their amusements are simple and normal and usually of a constructive nature. Groups gather around a driftwood fire on the beach, discuss dynamic symmetry and the coming abalone tide with equal gusto, or listen to those of the number who possess the gift of storytelling. Afterwards perhaps they adjourn to one of the Peter Pan houses set back behind a wild lilac hedge and dance to a wheezy phonograph or read a new play till sunup. Whereupon they may decide to go down to the beach again, take a dip in the ocean and cook breakfast on the coals of last night's campfire.

Literature.

Perhaps the most outstanding figure among the writers of the Carmel art colony is Harry Leon Wilson, whose fame as the creator of *Ma Pettingill*, *Bunker Bean*, and *Merton of the Movies* is too well known to need comment. Mr. Wilson lives in his beautiful "Ocean Home" perched on a hillside high above the sea at Carmel Highlands, gets his mail from the Carmel Post Office, plays golf on the Pebble Beach course, and enjoys many of his social diversions with the Carmel people and in their homes. He and his wife, who was Helen Cooke, daughter of the writer Grace MacGowan Cooke, entertain simply and informally, and the hospitality of their attractive home is enjoyed both by their friends who live close at hand and by many prominent writers from all parts of the country.

Although Mary Austin has now been living long

enough in New York to be identified with that city, she spent many of her early writing days in her home here. *Isidro* was written in her "Wickiup" in a pine tree on the hillside sloping down from her redwood cottage. Mrs. Austin frequently returns to spend a few months in Carmel when she wants rest and opportunity for concentrated effort.

Identified with the town's early history, which was coincident with his own rise to fame, is the name of George Sterling. The late Ambrose Bierce said that Sterling was, without question, the greatest poet that America had produced. His poetic drama, *Lilith*, possessed so great a lyrical beauty that many critics considered it the best thing of its kind that had been written for years. Much of his inspiration, both in his earlier and later writings, was derived from the beauty of Carmel and its surroundings.

James Hopper's name is well known to those who love fine craftsmanship. His short stories cover a wide range of subject, among them those famous football tales dear to boys of all ages. He and his wife are members of the first little group who pioneered their way up into the Eighty-Acre tract to establish homes among the pines. And, with his family living here, Carmel is still home to Mr. Hopper, although he spends part of each year in New York.

Frederick R. Bechdolt's stories carry the fresh breezes of the open, combined with the vigor and ruggedness of the pioneer and the frontiersman. Some one has said that, while others write fiction that sounds like fact, Bechdolt writes fact that sounds like fiction. He is at present making a specialty of stories of the

"Old West," and has published several collections of these tales.

Bechdolt and Hopper collaborated on that interesting convict story, 9009. It was written in the house which was later known as the "Blue Bird Tea Room" and now called "The Old Cabin." Mr. Bechdolt tells a good story on himself regarding this book. During a trip to San Quentin he had an interesting conversation with one of the convicts, who remarked emphatically, when 9009 was mentioned: "De guy what wrote dat has done time all right."

Every boy who wants to build a boat or dig for hidden treasure reads Perry Newberry's boys' stories. About four years ago, Mr. Newberry dug up a treasure of his own—the talent for making mystery stories. And in collaboration with Grace MacGowan Cooke and Alice MacGowan he has written several best sellers, including *The Million Dollar Suitcase*.

Grace MacGowan Cooke and her sister, Alice MacGowan, who write separately and in collaboration, have made their home in Carmel for many years. Their novels include *The Last Word*, *The Joy Bringer*, *The Power and the Glory* and a long list besides.

John Kenneth Turner is a well known writer of socialistic literature. His *Barbarous Mexico* created a sensation in diplomatic circles when it appeared. He is also the author of *Shall It Be Again?* His wife, whose pen name is Adriana Spadoni, is the author of several best sellers including, *The Swing of the Pendulum* and *The Noise of the World*.

John Northern Hilliard has been successively literary editor, dramatic critic and editorial writer, and has been identified in other ways with important news-

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Photo by L. Josselyn

PATIO OF A TYPICAL ARTIST'S HOME.

papers. He has also been a writer and co-author of several books, among them *The Bear's Claws* and *The Golden Hope*, which he wrote with Grace Sartwell Mason.

Although Grant Wallace was in turn humorist, artist, sculptor, and editorial writer for the *New York Sun*, *Everybody's* and a number of other prominent periodicals, he is essentially the teacher, the philosopher, the altruistic thinker. He is now mapping a few undiscovered countries in the Cosmos and within Man and finding a new basis for the laws of Evolution. He has under way a scientific work of many volumes which is to be accompanied by one thousand illustrations.

Robinson Jeffers, the poet, has added much to present day verse in his lovely lyrics and in his dramatic poem, *Tamar*. The scene of *Tamar* is laid on the coast just south of Carmel and in it are incorporated many of the old legends which appeal to the lover of romance.

Living in Pebble Beach are Robert Welles Ritchie and Sam Blythe. Hugh Wiley and Frank Condon have also spent much time there and return for frequent visits.

Carmel Highlands is the home of Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. She and her sister, Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, form an important part of the Highlands' community life.

Among the visitors to Carmel have been noted writers. Some, like William Rose Benet, Sinclair Lewis, Kathleen Norris and Charles Norris, have made but a short stay. Others have lingered for several years. Many have taken permanent root and will remain to talk about the good old days when they first came to Carmel.

Gertrude Nelson Andrews, Walter Coburn, Dorothea Castelhun, Jeanne D'Orge, Winsor Josselyn, Talbert Josselyn, Ira Remsen, S. A. Reynolds, Ann Martin, Nelson Valjean, Jane Prentiss and Anne Shannon Monroe, have joined the colony during the last decade and practically all of them have decided to make it their permanent home.

Death has taken many well known writers who were closely connected with the town's early life. Among them were William Greer Harrison, Herman Whitaker, John Fleming Wilson, William Herbert Carruth and Isabelle Alden. Jack London had many friends here and was a frequent visitor at Carmel fire-sides.

Both Clinton Scollard and Jessie Rittenhouse had lived in Carmel for some time previous to their marriage which occurred here in 1924, and they have paid many a delightful tribute to Carmel charms in their poems.

Other names strongly associated with Carmel's literary life are:

Joseph Blethen	Vernon Kellogg
Geraldine Bonner	Grace Sartwell Mason
Eleanor Stimson Brooks	Redfern Mason
Van Wyck Brooks	Theodore Maynard
Richard Bentinck	T. Samson Miller
Konrad Bercovici	Dell Munger
Alice Cowdrey	Katherine Pinkerton
Sadie Katherine Casey	Robert Pinkerton
Clarkson Crane	Alice Hegan Rice
Dio Dawson	Helen Rosenkrans
Alma Ellerbe	Theodore Solomons
Paul Ellerbe	Albert Van Houtte
Elizabeth Fraser	Ellen Veblen
Fannie Goldsmith	Jesse Lynch Williams
Eunice T. Gray	Henry Meade Williams

Lowell Hardy	Michael Williams
Estelle Taylor Houghton	Harvey Wickham
David Starr Jordan	Charlotte Kellogg

It is not surprising that scenes of Carmel setting should have found their way into the books of writers who have visited or lived here. Robert Louis Stevenson tramped all over the peninsula and wrote extensively of it. Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* gives description of the country about Carmel. Charles Warren Stoddard and Lloyd Osborne have written at some length of its beauties. Mary Austin laid the scene of *Isidro* here: Jack London devotes several chapters to Carmel and vicinity in *The Valley of the Moon*. The first part of Gertrude Atherton's *Patience Sparhawk* deals with the Carmel Valley and the old Mission before its restoration.

Painting.

A black cypress against a wind-torn sky . . . the lonely walls of Mission Carmelo softened and dulled with age . . . drifting fogs amid the sand dunes . . . Persian carpets of wild flowers spread over the fields . . . dazzling white surf fringing a deep blue sea, eternally washing grim and rocky cliffs . . . so endless are the pictures that nature offers the painter and etcher that the very wealth of beauty bewilders him. It is scarcely to be wondered at that Carmel has attracted so many painters.

Foremost among the pioneers were Sydney Yard, Ferdinand Burgdorff, M. De Neale Morgan, Richard Partington and Chris Jorgensen.

Those who are more or less associated with the present day life of the art colony are:

Eva Belle Adams	A. H. Knott
Carolyn Blackman	M. De Neale Morgan
Cornelius Botke	Laura Maxwell
Jessie Arms Botke	Ralph Davison Miller
Helen Cheney Brown	Lucy L. Peabody
Alice B. Comins	Ira Remsen
Mary Coulter	Julia Stohr Roe
Josephine Culbertson	Catherine Comstock
Ada Belle Champlin	Seideneck
William George Gaskin	George Seideneck
Jessie Short Jackson	William P. Silva
Ida Johnson	Elizabeth Strong
C. Chapel Judson	Julia Stohr
Edward R. Kingsbury	Roberta Thudichum

George Bellows spent a summer here; so did Jonas Lie; and Ralph Pearson, noted etcher of the Taos art colony in New Mexico, gave a new impetus to etching by delivering a course of lectures on that branch of art. Arthur J. Hammond, Arthur Vachel and Dorothy Vedder Wegg have lived here at various times. Alfred H. Schroff, Evan Mosher and Ida Maynard Curtis retain their homes here and return frequently. George Kegg, Blanding Sloan, Amos Engel and Rolf Pielke, San Francisco artists, respond to the lure of the place and return again and again to transfer its remarkable beauty to their canvases.

Of the internationally known painters who have found their way to Carmel was William M. Chase, that master of still life and portraiture. He taught for a term in the summer school of the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts in which position he was succeeded by C. P. Townsley and later by Matteo Sandona, M. [58]

De Neale Morgan, Fred Gray, Paul Kirtland Mays and Cornelius Botke.

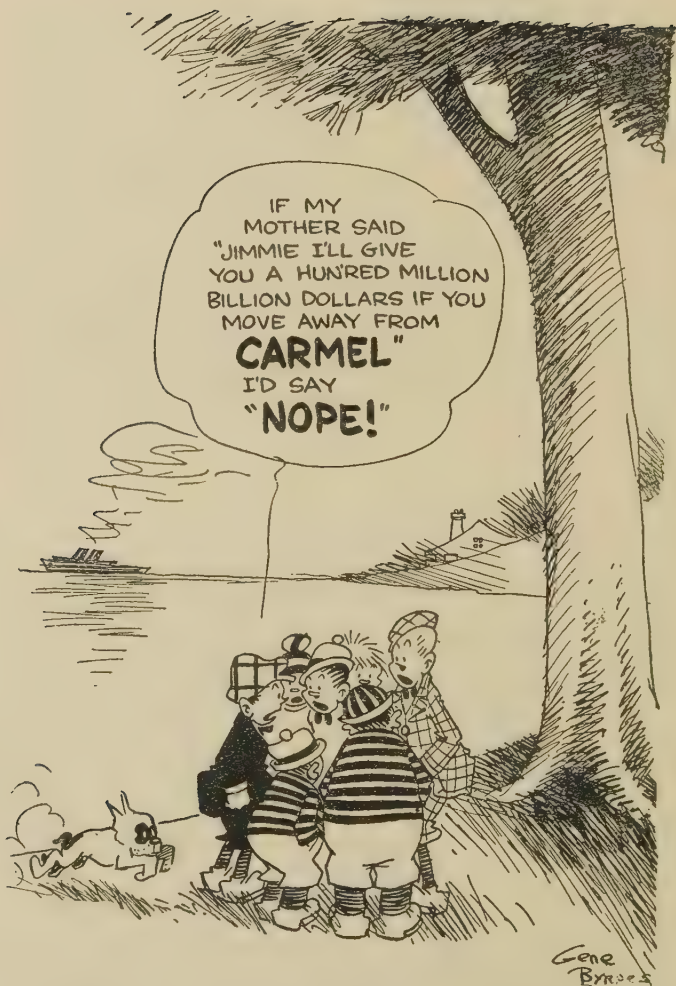
William Ritschel's famous marines are done from his studio on the edge of a rocky Highlands point where he is close to the sea he so loves to paint. The Highlands colony is also represented by John O'Shea, William Clothier Watts, George Kotch and Theodore Criley. Before his death, Thomas Shrewsbury Parkhurst lived and worked and had his studio at the Highlands, and his pictures reflected its rugged cliffs and the varying moods of its blue sea. The Pebble Beach settlement is represented by Ferdinand Burgdoff, whose desert pictures have won special recognition.

Cartooning.

Gene Byrnes, according to the classification given two years ago by the *Literary Digest*, is one of the seven big cartoonists of the United States. He draws his "Reg'lar Fellers," which are a household word, in his beautiful studio overlooking the Carmel shore.

Music.

Music, like the deep undertone of the sea which bounds Carmel's shore, plays a running accompaniment to the song of village life. From the first, little informal groups of music lovers have gathered at some one of their houses to hear resident or visiting artists play or sing. After the music, there comes usually a frank discussion of the player's interpretation—but always with that subtle sympathy and helpful inter-



A GROUP OF REG'LAR FELLERS. BY GENE BYRNES.

change of ideas which is possible only when people have mutual interests and a common ground.

In the old days Hother Wisner, Elmer Harris, Allan Bier, Daisy Polk, Teresa Ehrman and Sally Ehrman, the latter now Mrs. Lawrence Strauss, and Mabel Gray Young, who still lives here and is active in musical circles, formed the nucleus of the larger musical colony which was to come later.

Like the writers and painters, many have come here and settled and then, owing to the necessity of finding a wider market for their talents, have been drawn away to the larger centers. Carmel has known, at one time or another, all of the following musicians:

Vasia Anikieff	Evadna Lapham
Horace Britt	Tina Lerner
Thomas Vincent Cator	Calvin Luther
Charles Wakefield Cadman	Betty Lawrence
Henry Cowell	Frederic Mc Murray
Antonio deGrassi	Louis Persinger
Laura Dierrsen	Lawrence Strauss
Nathan Firestone	Vladimir Schavitch
Frank Carol Giffen	Marian Ralston
Alfred Hertz	George H. Richardson
Harold Hestwood	Mrs. George H. Richardson
Edward Johnson	Wintter Watts
Mabel Kegg	

Vala Eyvind and Olga Steeb have spent some time here. Roberta Arment Leitch, Irene Cator and Dorothy Woodward are all permanent residents. Frederic Preston Search, well-known cellist and a present member of the Carmel colony, has taught and worked with local organizations of years.

A recent addition is Katherine Vander Roest Clarke, concert pianiste. Although Mrs. Clarke fills profes-

sional engagements in San Francisco and other coast cities, she finds time to hold informal Sunday afternoon musicales in her Carmel home.



DAVID ALBERTO.

Edward Gerhard Kuster, owner of the Theater of the Golden Bough, who has been a professional cellist, was connected at various times with well-known symphony orchestras, both in a business and artistic way. Mr. Kuster's love of music has made him untiring in his efforts to give the people of the peninsula opportunities to hear the best artists who come to the Coast.

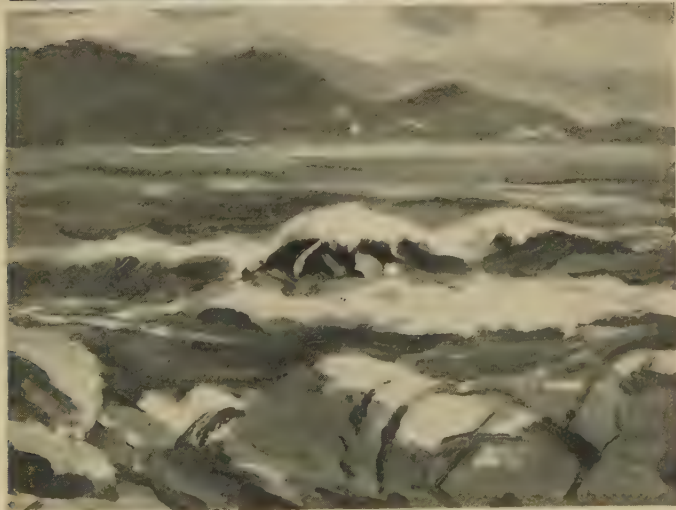
David Alberto, a pupil of Leschetizky and a concertist of note, has been for several years a resident of Carmel and leaves only to fill engagements. Unlike

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Photo by L. Josselyn

WILLIAM RITSCHER AND ONE OF HIS MARINES.
RITSCHER'S STUDIO AT CARMEL HIGHLANDS. (*Insert*).



CYPRESS. PAINTING BY M. DE NEALE MORGAN.
MARINE. PAINTING BY A. H. KNOTT.

many pianists, he enjoys the teaching end of his profession, and a fortunate few profit by his interest. Alberto is a genial host and all of the well-known musicians who come to Carmel eventually find their way to his home. "My greatest ambition," he says, "is to make life as interesting as possible."

Sculpture.

High up among the pines on a hill in Pebble Beach can be seen a sloping roof covered with shingles in the warm tones of autumn leaves. This is the spacious studio and workshop of Jo J. Mora, whose home is in Carmel. Mora has long been nationally known for his drawings and sculpture. One of his most recent creations of special interest to this part of the country is his remarkable Junipero Serra sarcophagus, which is



SCULPTOR'S STUDIO. SKETCH BY J. J. MORA.

now placed permanently in the Memorial Chapel adjoining Carmel Mission.

Finn Haakon Frolich, who spent some time in Carmel, is known for his work on the Panama-Pacific Exposition buildings. He has since produced a number of portrait busts and is now particularly engaged in creating statuettes of famous film stars in Hollywood.

Other sculptors, whose names are identified with Carmel life, past or present, are Edwina Devendorf, Gertrude Boyle, Austin James, Kamuela Searle and Blanca Will.

Architecture.

Carmel has reason to be proud of its numerous examples of beautiful architecture and to be grateful to the men who have so lovingly planned them.

Such masters in their profession as Louis Mullgardt, Mark Daniels, Bernard Maybeck and Louis Hobart have designed many homes in this vicinity, particularly those of Pebble Beach.

John Galen Howard, Director of the School of Architecture at the University of California, and designer of its Greek Theater, has his summer cottage in Carmel and is here a part of his time. Ralph Johonnot lives on the Peninsula and many of the Carmel houses with their colorful trims are examples of his constructive imagination. Daniel Willard has his home in Carmel and while here displays a fine philanthropy in donating his services in the designing of community buildings.

One of the show places pointed out to all tourists is the beautiful Highlands home of D. L. James, de-

signed by Charles Sumner Greene, Carmel architect. Made of the same rock as the cliff to which it clings, the house blends into its surroundings in spirit as well as with material—a remarkable example of the poetic quality of the architect's vision.

Dancing.

About four years ago, a group of young women headed by Portia Mansfield Swett, established a school of classic dancing in Carmel. Their aim was for a natural and harmonious development of the body. Classes were often conducted on the beach and in the woods, and Carmel figured frequently in San Francisco papers as a result of the scantily clad nymphs tripping sportively about at the edge of the sea or floating like wraiths through the pines.

The school gave to the young people of the town, however, definite and lasting ideals of the scope of this art. Since then, dancing has played an important role in the artistic life of Carmel.

Willette Allen, one of that little group, reached a place in the Chicago Grand Opera Company where she was selected by Mary Garden for important solo work. She was also a member of the Andres Pavley company in a recent tour through Mexico.

Ralph Wylie, after a season of vaudeville, became the leading male dancer in the Metropolitan Grand Opera Ballet.

Others who have received professional recognition as a result of those early efforts are Frances Hartsook, Joan Williams, Jeanne Fuller, Margaret Day, Genevieve Mc Adam, Frances Allen Glassell, Walter Hanle,

John Price, Eleanor Frampton, Helen Hewitt, Aubrey Van Liew and Dorothy Davis. Jeanette Hoagland Parkes and Grace Wickham, Carmel girls, have both received professional training and have done beautiful and original dancing on the Forest Theater stage and other local dramatic centers.

Katherine Edson spent one summer in Carmel and gave generously of her talent at both professional and amateur performances.

When the School of the Theater of the Golden Bough was started in the summer of 1924, Mr. Kuster secured Betty Merle Horst to supervise the department of classic dancing. This course, which was very popular with the students, gave a new stimulus to the art in Carmel.

Drama.

The creative artist, living so largely in his emotions, is essentially dramatic. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should turn to the stage for his recreation. As a result, the drama has played an increasingly important part in Carmel's development.

The spirit of play is what marked the first beginnings of the town's community life. The artists and writers came out to have a good time. They refused to consider serious efforts to do something worth while. They laughed at highbrow ambitions. Yet their fun was neither horseplay nor commonplace stodginess. It was always clever, unique, honest—funnily serious or seriously funny.

Still talked about is the famous "Carmel Whirl" given in 1909 by the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts,

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which was even then god-mothering the town's musical, dramatic and artistic activities.

On that whirl-a-gig day, the four-horse stage left at regular intervals for tours of Carmel. With a prudent eye to the daring Hitchcock robbers waiting somewhere in the manzanita to attack and rob the stage, passengers first visited the Whirl Around Pawn Shop, at the sign of the three high-balls, where they left their valuables.

Many and varied were the attractions. Whirling newsgirls, under the direction of Helen Cooke, now Mrs. Harry Leon Wilson. Whirling flower-girls, headed by Dorothy Maxtone-Graham,—extra fee for pinning the flowers on!—A Spanish booth, with the twingle-twangle of guitars, the rattling of castanets, and the peppery tamale for sale. A candy booth; a Gypsy dancer; a vaudeville show; a raffle; and silhouettes drawn by De Neale Morgan. Sinclair Lewis ran all over town “spieling” for the booths and concessions.

Most wicked of all was the “Merry Widow” road-house, which featured in a most amusing raid, after which the inmates were haled into court and tried, furnishing much hilarity to add to the day's entertainment.

The jingle which formed the motif of the day was written by Michael Williams:

“Oh come and whirl around,
Whirl around, whirl around!
Come bring your girl, and whirl
Happy and free!
Whoop it up, boy and girl,
Make joy's teetotum twirl,
To the devil all troubles hurl
Here by the sea!”

All this joyous play illustrates the spirit which the artistic element of Carmel put into its amusements. It breaks out still in a May Fete, a Carmel Sir-cuss, or a clever piece of nonsense, such as the annual Carmel Follies or Ira Remsen's *Rented Ranch*.

It is not strange that the abundance of beautiful natural settings around Carmel should lead to an interest in outdoor drama and pageantry. But while a number of people had talked of the idea, it was not until 1910 that Herbert Heron selected the site, organized the society, named and founded



THE FOREST THEATER

It lies on a hillside in the Eighty-Acre tract only a short distance from town. The tourist finds an unpretentious rustic gateway marking the entrance and follows a little woodland path leading to a natural amphitheater surrounded by towering pines. By day-

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light the stage and scenery look garish and crude perhaps but at night they spell romance, mystery, enchantment—with fairy bridges, gala costumes, skillfully manipulated lighting.

The natural environment contributes many unusual effects. The woodland setting is frequently enhanced by the appearance of a vagrant cat or dog who wanders quietly on and off the stage . . . the voice of the distant surf provides soft music . . . a full moon hangs like a spotlight over the stage . . . colored mothwings glisten in the artificial light . . . a shooting star slides down behind feathery pine tassels. . . .

Here on this wide stage, with a natural background of pines and a distant glimpse of valley and sea, are given every summer a number of plays suited to open-air production. The beginning of July brings theater-lovers from far and wide to enjoy the annual play, which has taken a recognized place in the theatrical achievements of California.

In a pamphlet issued by the Forest Theater Society setting forth its ideals and ambitions, we find the following:

"The aims, objects, hopes of the Society are that we may find and point world-wide a play—say many plays—worthy of general knowledge; that we may discover a star-dream and help to give it to the lovers of dreams of genius; that we may be the link between unrecognized inspiration and the rewarding public. We want to find a drama that the usual theatrical manager would fail to appreciate, and the theater-going public *would appreciate.*"

The first play produced in the Forest Theater was *David* by Constance Skinner. The general aim of the

Society is to provide an opportunity for tryouts of plays by California writers. If no new drama is submitted of sufficient merit a standard work is chosen. Shaw and Shakespearian plays, as well as many others, have been produced in this beautiful open air setting.

The following plays written by Carmel people have been successfully presented at the Forest Theater:

The Toad—Bertha Newberry.

Runnymede—William Greer Harrison.

Aladdin—Elizabeth Field Christy and Perry Newberry.

A Wife of Nippon—Redfern Mason.

Fire—Mary Austin.

The People's Attorney—Perry Newberry.

The Arrow-Maker—Mary Austin.

Montezuma—Herbert Heron.

Junipero Serra—Perry Newberry.

The Spy—Herbert Heron.

The Columbine—Helen Parkes.

The Man from Home—Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson.

Tusitala—John Northern Hilliard and Herbert Heron.

Confounding of the Witch—Grace Wickham and James Hopper.

Serra—Garnet Holme.

Inchling—Ira Remsen.

Mr. Bunt—Ira Remsen.

A number of plays by people other than Carmel residents have been given their premieres here and personally supervised by the authors. Among them were *Creation-Dawn* by Takeshi Kanno, *Sons of Spain* by Sydney Coe Howard and *Yolanda of Cyprus* by Cale Young Rice.

The Carmel Forest Theater has had a variety of directors. Many of the local writers have directed their own plays. Perry Newberry, Herbert Heron, John



Photo by L. Josselyn

JO J. MORO IN HIS STUDIO, SHOWING FATHER MESTRES THE UNFINISHED SARCOPHAGUS
OF JUNIPERO SERRA. NOW IN THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF CARMEL MISSION.

Northern Hilliard, Ira Remsen, Garnet Holme, Mary Austin, have all been prominent in the direction of its productions. Among other producers are Katherine Cooke, Edward G. Kuster, Gordon Davis, Arthur Cyril, Frank Matthieu, Marian Boke, Hobart P. Glassell, Blanche Tolmie and Porter Garnett.

Carmel is fortunate in having a number of actors to draw from who have had professional stage experience and who play leading roles in its productions. Among these are Marie Gordon, Arthur Cyril, Blanche Tolmie, Katherine Cooke, and Marian Daniels whose stage name was Booth Chapin.

Children of the Moon, a New York success, was written by Martin Flavin of Carmel Highlands. Sophie Treadwell was connected with the town's early dramatic life. Her play, *The Gringo*, was also produced in New York. Charles K. Van Riper's *The Getaway* has been accepted for Broadway production.

Carmel has taken a great deal of pride in its open-air theater, one of the first on the Pacific Coast. Both business men and artists united to make it a success. Chief among the many who have contributed a whole-hearted enthusiasm and worked for the Forest Theater from its inception are Herbert Heron, Perry Newberry, and John Northern Hilliard. The generous cooperation of James F. Devendorf carried the undertaking through its difficult early years and helped to put it firmly on its feet financially.

The Forest Theater Society has experienced many vicissitudes of fortune. At one time it was rent by factional strife. A group split off from the main body, formed an organization of its own, and called it the Western Drama Society. Later on, when it became

apparent that unity of effort would produce finer results, the difficulties were adjusted, and they once more combined under the old name. In 1924 the Forest Theater Society merged with the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts, since it was found that the principal workers in the one were also the most active in the other, and the Forest Theater Society is now functioning as a branch of the older organization.

With the early beginnings of outdoor plays came a strong interest in pageantry. It was due largely to the fact that Garnet Holme, thoroughly trained in this branch of the drama both in England and America, was at that time prominent in Carmel theatrical doings. In 1911 Mr. Holme, assisted by Perry Newberry, produced the beautiful *Serra* pageant. It was written by Mr. Newberry and will live long in the hearts of Carmel people, for it was one of the first of the real community efforts.

Then, as now, there was no dividing line between the artists and business people. Many of the latter played important parts in the performances and much talent was thus discovered and developed. Each did the thing he could do best. The grocer, the carpenter, the artist, with equal zest, dressed up as wild Indians and lent an atmosphere to the background of the pageants by skulking through the trees. Their wives made costumes by day and skulked along with their Indian husbands by night. Unsuspecting fellow artists arriving for a visit were pounced upon at the Monterey Station, brought over the hill and made to carry a spear or to play the part of an assassin in that night's performance. It frequently happened that all Carmel was

in the cast and the audience for the play had to be recruited entirely from the outside.



ARTS AND CRAFTS THEATER. FROM POSTER DRAWN BY
DR. ALFRED E. BURTON.

ARTS AND CRAFTS COMMUNITY THEATER

Open air settings were all right for play and pageant from June to September, but during the rainy season it became necessary to find shelter. The Arts and Crafts hall was accordingly the scene of indoor activities. In spite of the disadvantages—for the space was limited, the scenery nil, the lighting insufficient—much really good work was done. Prominent among the plays by Carmel authors were *Burn It* by Perry Newberry, *Immortal Fame* by Herbert Heron, *The Shepherd's Bridge* by Ira Remsen, *High Justice* by Mae Harris Anson,

Crazy Anne by Jeanne D'Orge and *The Gift* by Charles K. Van Riper.

Much of the success of the Arts and Crafts Club is due to the efforts of Mary E. Hand, who has been its president for many years and has been particularly active in its dramatic offerings.

At present there is no handicap to artistic production in Carmel, for it now has two modern theaters. In the fall of 1923 the Arts and Crafts built what is known as its indoor community theater. It is marked by extreme simplicity in its furnishings and decoration but the auditorium is roomy, comfortable and well heated. The stage is exceptionally large, and the stage equipment is probably more complete than that of most theaters in towns the size of Carmel.

Up to this time, the Carmel playfolk had been mostly recruited from those who were already established in some other of the arts. Acting meant nothing to them financially—it was their means of relaxation. The play was the thing, and the work done was so unselfish, spontaneous and well-grounded in the fundamentals of dramatic art, that as the years went by, Carmel became known more and more as a dramatic center.

Gradually there gathered a group of people who wished to make further study and experiment in stagecraft here in Carmel. Accordingly, Edward G. Kuster, in the spring of 1924, built the

THEATER OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

The aims and ideals of the founder make the name of his theater peculiarly significant. The legend of the
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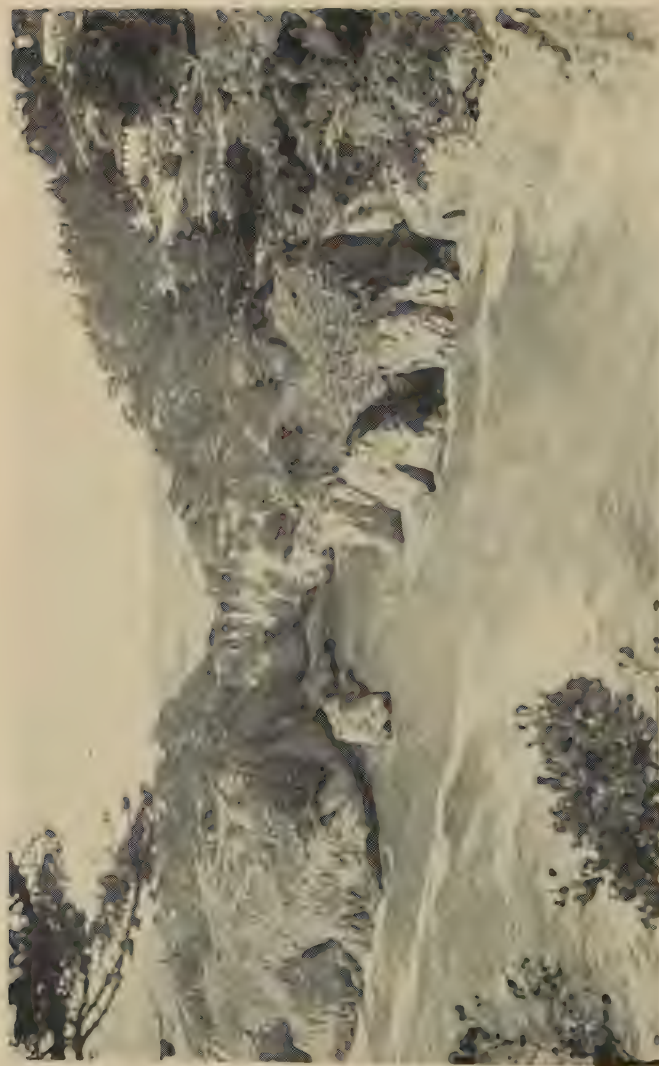


Photo by L. Josselyn

CHARACTERISTIC SURF LINE AT CAIRN HIGHLANDS WHERE THE MOUNTAINS
RUN DOWN TO THE SEA.



HOME OF D. L. JAMES AT CARMEL HIGHLANDS, DESIGNED BY CHARLES SUMNER GREENE.
Photo by L. Josselyn

Golden Bough was so widespread among the ancients of every clime that it may well be regarded as one of the basic myths of the human race. It has to do with the wanderings of Aeneas after the fall of Troy. When bidden by the Sibyl to seek his father Anchises in the Elysian fields, he was advised that the only passport to those dim regions was a golden bough from a certain sacred grove, most difficult of approach. Many of our classic myths are built around this thought, and through them runs a common thread—that the golden spray or branch is a key to the world of imagination or fantasy.

Mr. Kuster calls his playhouse "an experimental workshop" and owing to his efforts and those of his faculty of teachers, a wide variety of plays has already been offered to the Carmel public. A number of these plays were premieres. Some of them have been unusually noteworthy, all of them exceedingly interesting—both in themselves and in the manner of their production.

The first session of the School of the Theater was conducted by Maurice Browne and his wife, Ellen Van Volkenburg, who opened the season with their own play, *The Mother of Gregory*.

Other members of the faculty, well-known to a larger public were Hedwiga Reicher, Betty Merle Horst and Rose Bogdonoff.

The interior of the Golden Bough contains many features of special interest. Among them is a forestage which projects into the auditorium in the shape of a semi-circle. It is connected with the main stage by a short flight of wide shallow steps across the entire width, and makes possible an indoor pageantry.

The old-style back drops, wings and borders are supplanted by a movable sky-dome of original design, built on a steel angle-frame, extending to forty feet above the stage floor. This permits of extraordinary effects of luminous depth or vague unlocalized space, such as are used in fantastic and poetic plays.

A padded runway connects the stage with the basement where there are comfortable dressing rooms, hot and cold shower baths for the players, and space for the construction of settings.

The auditorium contains four hundred individual wicker arm-chairs, in well-spaced rows between which it is possible to walk without stumbling over the feet of those already seated. Indirect lighting is used, and along the walls are small balconies, the curve of their entrance arches harmonizing with the line of the ceiling.

The Golden Bough has been pronounced the most beautiful intimate theater in America and bids fair to become what Percy Mackaye describes as "a serene and joyous temple."

Carmel Crafts.

Carmel is becoming widely known as a home of fine craftsmanship.

The pioneer of the weaving industry here is Hobart P. Glassell, proprietor of Cabbages and Kings. A few years ago, emulating the spirit of the Roycrofters, he established the ancient and beautiful art of hand-weaving, importing the finest yarns from Scotland for the purpose.

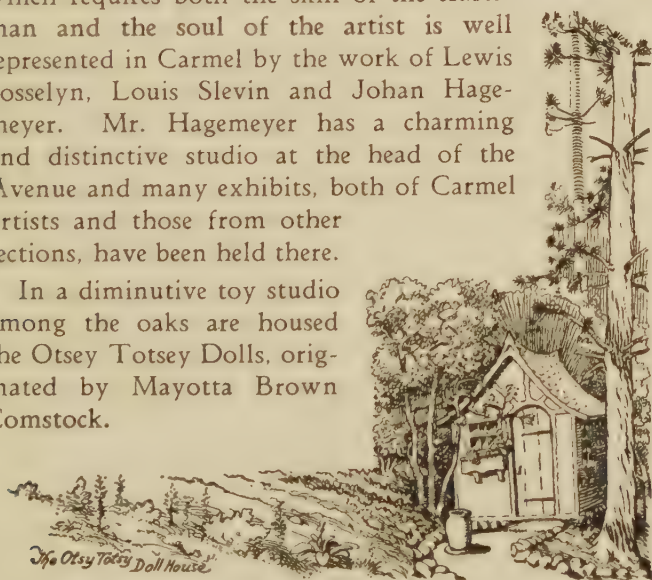
Another weaving shop where beautiful things are made is conducted by Mrs. Ruth Kuster. It is housed

in a quaint little North European cottage incorporated in Mr. Kuster's group of shops known as the Court of the Golden Bough.

In the Seideneck studio on Ocean Avenue may be seen unusual designs in hammered brass and copper, tooled and modeled leather, and hand-made jewelry. Catherine Seideneck received her training from Kranz, who was for many years associated with the Roycrofters. Mrs. Seideneck's overmantel decoration of modeled leather in the peacock design was given a prominent place in the Panama Pacific Exposition where a special mantel was built to exhibit it.

Beautiful photography of the kind which requires both the skill of the craftsman and the soul of the artist is well represented in Carmel by the work of Lewis Josselyn, Louis Slevin and Johan Hagemeyer. Mr. Hagemeyer has a charming and distinctive studio at the head of the Avenue and many exhibits, both of Carmel artists and those from other sections, have been held there.

In a diminutive toy studio among the oaks are housed the Otsey Totsey Dolls, originated by Mayotta Brown Comstock.



SKETCH BY GRANT WALLACE.

Marian Delaplane has revived the ancient art of French pen-painting. The work is done on filmy silk or chiffon and the garments so ornamented are unusually dainty and beautiful.

THE PRESS IN THE FOREST

Half-hidden among trees and bushes, opposite the Forest Theater grounds, stands a little peak-roofed cottage. For the uninitiated, it is described as "the house with a ship in the window." But those who have discovered what it really is know it as "The Press in the Forest." This is more than a mere commercial venture. It is an Adventure. It is a man's romance—the fulfillment of years of dreams and visions.

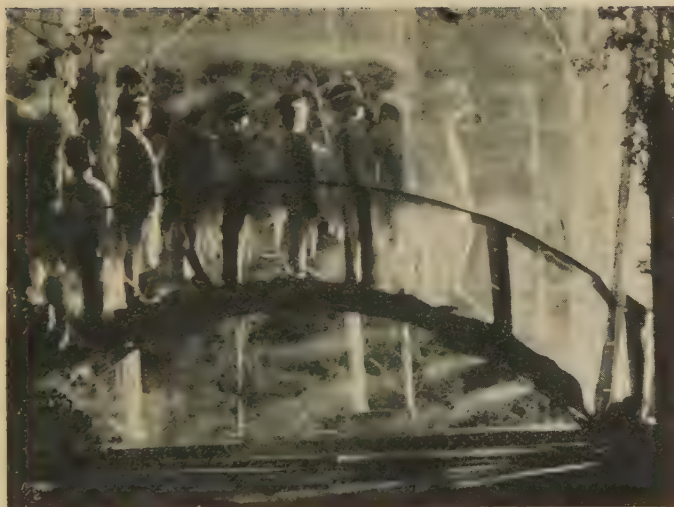
J. W. Wright was the editor of a small country newspaper in his early youth, but as the years went by, he became a successful realtor in a city of Southern California. Even when his life was filled with big commercial enterprises, he never lost sight of his dream that sometime he would play with type and fine hand-made papers and beautiful book bindings.

Finally the day arrived when he decided that this vision meant more to him than the piling up of worldly wealth. He came to Carmel, built his redwood home, set up his printing press in one end of the living room, and began the making of books. Every step is done by his own hands, from writing the story and setting the type, to binding the finished volume. Love for his craft and skill in all its details give an original charm to these books which is quickly spreading the fame of The Press in the Forest.

Carmel is favorable soil for the growth of many



Photo by L. Josselyn
A "POMANDER WALK" SETTING ON FOREST THEATER STAGE.



Photos by L. Josselyn

FAIRY BRIDGE. SCENE FROM "MR. BUNT" BY IRA REMSEN.
GIVEN IN THE FOREST THEATER.

THE FOREST THEATER STAGE SET FOR "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

crafts, and it is probable that this side of its creative life will flourish more and more successfully as time goes on.

Carmel's Young People at Work and Play.

Carmel children are just as talented and original—and temperamental—as are their parents. Art is in the air they breathe, the food they eat, the work they do, the studies they pursue at school.

In every child there is an absolute necessity for play and self-expression. And the Carmel child, with no movie to distract his days, few and simple household cares, and not enough of a definite objective to make the automobile a necessity, must fall back on his own resources and create his own amusements.

Dancing, painting, acting, playwriting, singing, costuming—all these things are being done with so natural and healthy a spontaneity by the Carmel youngsters that it is apparent to the most casual observer that Carmel's present reputation for individuality will not be lost in the years to come.

Each spring, for two seasons past, the young people have written, advertised, costumed and successfully staged an entire entertainment for the benefit of the Carmel library. Their show is attended by no printed programs, no emphasis upon individual names when it comes to taking credit for the success of the affair. There are no postmortems, no quarreling, no striving for this or that arbitrary standard. They have done the best they can to furnish you with entertainment. You may take it or leave it. But—they have given you artistic dancing, clever satires written by them—

selves, skillful acting and well-aimed, mirth-provoking burlesques on the older ones at their own game.

It is generally conceded by adults that the children's dramatic efforts rank well with their own productions. The show is judged as an artistic performance worthy of the best and most honest criticism of the grown-ups, not from the standpoint of a children's show.

The spirit is encouraged by the Carmel schools. The teachers are all in sympathy with the creative ideals of Carmel, and anxious to assist the children to develop along individual and harmonious lines.



FOREST HILL SCHOOL. DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY RALPH JOHONNOT.

Up in the north woods is the Forest Hill School, a private school of unusual character. Most of the classes are conducted in a lovely outdoor patio, with tasseled pines and blue sky overhead. Indoors there is a spacious, sunny room, bright with pastel shades, gaily colored cushions, cheerful flowers and little cosy alcoves for the individual classes. A loom for weaving, books and a big dictionary, round tables with little chairs—were it not for some of these signs, you would scarcely recognize this charming livingroom for a school. Yet real study is done here under teachers

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unusually understanding of child life, and excellent instruction is given in languages and arts, in addition to the regular educational courses. Supervised play, hiking or horseback riding, take the children out into the woods and to the nearby seashore.

There is keen and sympathetic interest in the social life of Carmel children on the part of many older Carmelites. Two artists, Miss Ida Johnson and Miss Josephine Culbertson, have mothered the boys' clubs for many years. Here, in their studio, the boys from seven to seventeen, gather two nights a week. They elect their officers, learn parliamentary law, exchange periodicals and books, give entertainments and listen to interesting practical talks by noted men who are staying in Carmel. Hikes, camping excursions and beach suppers are also part of their program of amusements. For the girls, similar supervision is being undertaken with the recent forming of a Girl Scouts organization.

Science.

Just off the main highway, on one of the old Serra trails, stands a group of unpretentious buildings along the edge of a wooded ravine. Here is housed the Department of Botanical Research of the Carnegie Institute, known as the Coastal Laboratory and directed by Dr. Daniel T. McDougal.

Carmel's laboratory, like much of the tireless, pains-taking work of science, is almost unknown to the general public. Only when some sensational discovery is announced do people stop to give science its due. Even then they usually fail to realize and appreciate the

multitude of trained research workers whose contributory efforts made possible the final steps to such discoveries.

Dr. McDougal, the present head of the Coastal Laboratory, has made an extensive study of *Cacti* in practically every dry region of the world. With Dr. Cannon, who was for a long time a member of the staff, he conducted investigations in North and South Africa, South America and in the deserts of North America. Interesting and valuable experiments in acclimatizing plants native to other countries and different altitudes are being carried on under Dr. McDougal's supervision.

Dr. Forrest Shreve, whose map of the vegetation of North America is widely used, joins the staff during the summer months. He is investigating, among other matters, the effect of the dryness of air on plant distribution. Another member is Dr. Beverly Clarke.

Dr. Herman Spoehr has worked for many years on the problem of utilizing and transforming solar heat into motor power,—*photosynthesis*, or in more popular language, "harnessing sunshine." His published works form a recognized authority in many scientific institutions.

The Carmel Coastal Laboratory staff has included among its members, at various times, the following noted scientists: Prof. Francis E. Lloyd, botanist and rubber culture expert; Dr. William S. Cooper, plant ecologist and author of works on chaparral; Prof. Benjamin M. Duggar, physiological pathologist, and Dr. Edward E. Free, soil physicist.

Carmel is the home of a number of men of science, of whom none is a more valuable member to the com-
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munity than Dr. Alfred E. Burton, formerly dean of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. Burton has devoted himself to the sciences of geodesy and topographical surveying, and various expeditions, among them one to Greenland and one to Georgia to study the eclipse of 1900, were conducted by him. He gives generously of his time and help to school and other civic matters in Carmel and takes as well an active part in the work of the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts.

James Worthington, who spends much of his time in his Carmel home, is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain, the author of many scientific works and conductor of famous eclipse expeditions.

Carmel is also the home of Dr. H. W. Fenner, who is experimenting with vitamins, and Dr. William L. Tower, who specializes in zoology and evolution.

Prof. Vernon Kellogg, zoologist, who did so much valuable work on relief and food commissions during the World War has lived in Carmel and is planning a home at the Highlands.

Among the professors who spend their vacations in homes on the Camino Real are George J. Peirce, plant physiologist, and J. C. L. Fish, engineering expert.

Across the street stands the house of Dr. David Starr Jordan, whose scientific record as a zoologist and whose career as president of Stanford University have made him world-famous.

George Stone, noted scientist, and foremost of those working for educational movies, lives at Carmel Highlands and has one of the most beautiful studios on the coast.

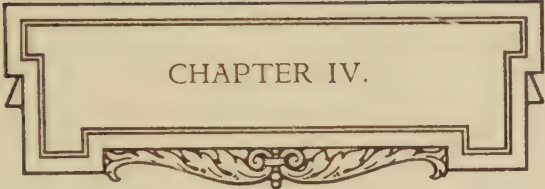
FORENOON BY THE PACIFIC

BY GEORGE STERLING

The winds are far away;
The sea alone hath speech.
The kildees play
In little hollows of the kelp-strewn beach.
Beyond, a wisp of fog has come to rest
Upon the mountain's breast.

Here from a western steep
I watch the sea-gull soar;
Below, the deep
Darts a white chord along the curving shore
And brims the day with thunder. At my feet
The unshaken dewes are sweet.

The hour is full of peace
Too tenderly profound
To fail or cease
At any call of lark, or ocean-sound.
Where lonely waters meet a loner sky
The winds of morning die.



CHAPTER IV.

THEY'LL TELL YOU ABOUT

The Carmel Pine Cone.

WHEN you see the Carmel Pine Cone being sold on the street, you'll know it's Saturday—and all is well. In the columns of this local paper, the happenings of a Carmel week are recorded, the kaleidoscopic comings and goings of visitors and tourists, those numerous trips made by the residents to "the City," the intricate political news of the town, the doings of celebrities famous in art and literature, columns of gentle—and not so gentle—humor, occasional dramatic and literary reviews, and all the necessary weather reports, tide tables, legal notices and vital statistics.

Frequently there appears a chatty letter from some Carmelite who is traveling far from home. It's so much simpler and easier to write one letter and have it printed in the Pine Cone, where you know all your friends will see it, than to go to the trouble of supplying each with a carbon copy of your adventures.

The Carmel Pine Cone was started ten years ago

by William L. Overstreet, who is the present owner and manager.

Some of the following are extracts taken from the Pine Cone's columns of 1921 and 1922, over the signature of one "Pine Nut."*

The Pony Express Rider Who is Still a Young Man.

One of our oldest residents is Joseph Hand, known to Carmel people as "Uncle Joe." In 1862 he was a pony express rider traveling from Virginia City to Ragtown. His road took him into the midst of the Piute Indian country and he still loves to look back and recount his interesting and romantic experiences.

No less thrilling, however, were his early days in Carmel for it was discovered that Joe Hand had histrionic talents and they were brought into use in many of the plays given here in the pioneer days. He made his farewell appearance on the stage on his seventieth birthday, when he played the lead in Harry Leon Wilson's "The Man From Home."

Although now eighty years of age, he still walks with springy step, his face is unlined and radiates youth and health, he drives a car with steady and experienced hand and is yet active in his real estate and insurance business.

*These articles were written by Daisy Bostick co-author of *Carmel—At Work and Play*.



COURT OF THE GOLDEN TEMPLE SHOWING SHOPS AND ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE

Photo by L. Josselyn



Photo by L. Josselyn

ENTRANCE TO THEATER OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

When Sam Powers Drove the Old Stage From Monterey.

Sam Powers, king of ex-stage-drivers, reigned long before the auto stage became a reality, and his rein was undisputed—by man and brute—for many years. With flourish and cracking of whip, he used to start out from the Monterey station, filling the air with picturesque profanity, shouting to the horses that they were carrying the United States mail, and urging them to go faster.

When he got half way up the hill, he would stop the stage and inform all men passengers that they must walk to the top. Coming down on the Carmel side he kept up a running commentary on the beauties of the scene, and many were the likenesses in trees to "ostriches or sich animules" which he pointed out to the admiring and astonished newcomers.

When Mr. Devendorf first tried out the new Carmel auto bus, Sam looked at it askance, distrust and jealousy showing in his sharp blue eyes. On one of its first trips, the auto stage ran off the Monterey hill into a haystack. Sam passed it on his way home. When he got to Carmel some one inquired jocularly, "Well, Sam, where's the Carmel-by-the-Sea bus?"

"Huh!" grunted Sam, "Carmel-by-the-sea nothin'! It was Carmel-by-the-haystack when I come along."

One day Sam's beloved stage took a notion to fall over on top of him. For a long time his life was despaired of, but he finally recovered and is now the genial toll-gate keeper down on the lower road from Carmel to Pebble Beach.

How the First Carmel Labor Strike was Settled.

Another of our pioneer settlers was William T. Dummage, who came here twenty-eight years ago when Carmel was a primeval wilderness. Mr. Dummage shot a mountain lion at the turn of the highway coming into San Carlos Street. He paid twenty-five cents a barrel for water and he cleared the forest and sold wood for \$2.50 a cord.

Working with Mr. Dummage was L. C. Horn, who later became in turn milkman (with fourteen customers), expressman and stage mail carrier. Ocean Avenue was then merely a cowpath to the ocean through the pines. The Reverend Sims, itinerant preacher, had a camp where the Golden Bough now stands. Tradition has it that the Reverend's black cat worked overtime to give Ocean Avenue its hoodoo which started in with a labor strike.

Dummage and Horn, John Cogle and a young fellow by the name of Foster were put to work by Mr. Devendorf to clear Ocean Avenue. Cogle was made foreman of the gang. One day, when Cogle was obliged to go to Monterey, he took the precaution of making sure that his men did their duty during his absence by marking off the distance they should cover. On his return he found that the men had not reached the strip of paper which indicated the extent of their job. Mr. Cogle waxed bitter—and abusive. He blankety-blanked them energetically. The men felt hurt—deeply hurt. They laid their tools aside . . . and the strike was on.

Then it was that Mr. Devendorf, the pacificator,
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played his master stroke. He compromised— by creating *four* bosses instead of *one*. The four men went amicably back to work, and the strike was declared off.

A Deal in Nondescript Realty for a One-horse Shay.

Ever since Carmel became an incorporated town, William T. Kibbler has been a bright and shining political target, but not many know how he acquired the property upon which his home now stands.

Before coming here to live, Mr. Kibbler owned a drugstore in San Francisco where he did a good line of politics on the side, training, one might almost say, for his coming Carmel career.

Then took place the incident of the buckboard. Bill had an ancient vehicle which had seen better days and was now, like a good old worn-out horse, eating its head off in a storage warehouse. He inserted an ad in the columns of a local daily and right soon along came a cheery, alert-looking man of business who introduced himself as James Frank Devendorf.

Negotiations started. Mr. Devendorf offered some lots in payment for the buckboard. Mr. Kibbler had paid \$250 for his buckboard (second hand) and had used it for a number of years. He naturally wanted to get back as much of the original outlay as he possibly could in the trade. He could also see that Mr. Devendorf wanted that buckboard badly.

Mr. Kibbler was not to be caught easily. Not while he still owned the buckboard and could still

Kibble. He fenced and parried and finally compelled Devendorf to acknowledge that his lots were in Carmel.

"Where the hell's Carmel?" demanded Bill.

Whereupon Mr. Devendorf invited Mr. Kibbler to come to Carmel and be his guest over the Fourth of July. Mr. Kibbler told his wife all about the incident, and they agreed to make the trip.

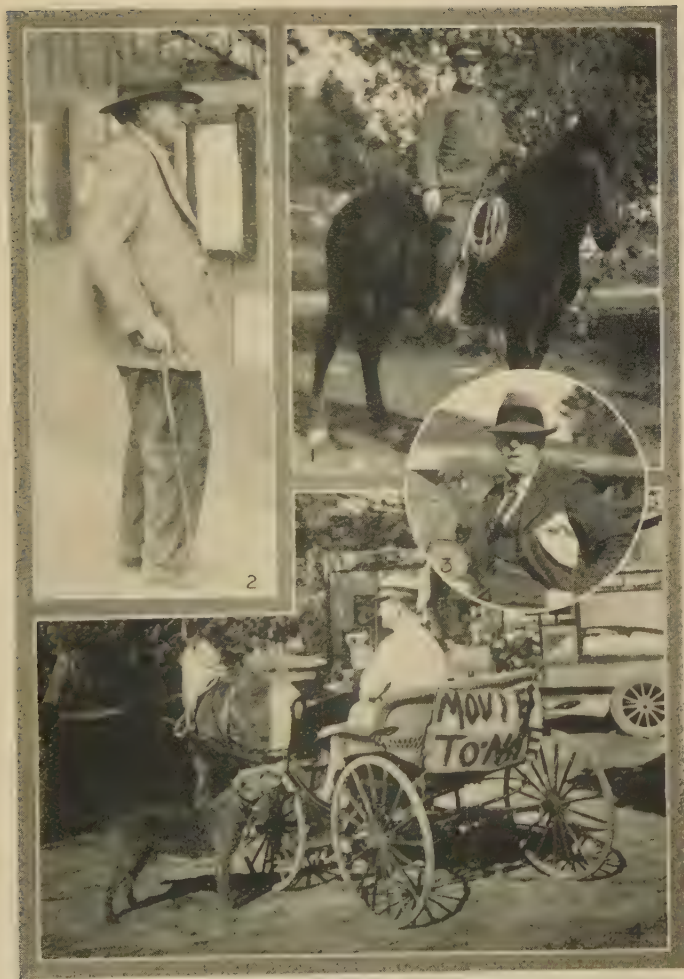
"We'll go down there to this man's little week-end party and have a good time all right—but you keep quiet about lots," said he to his wife, "Just let me do all the talking. I'll show him whether he can jip me out of my perfectly good buckboard."

They came, they saw, but Carmel and James Frank Devendorf conquered. Mr. D. became the proud possessor of the buckboard, and Kibbler, the not too enthusiastic owner of two lots near the center of town, which, at present day valuations are each worth several thousand dollars!

When Mr. Kibbler, in telling the incident, arrives at that part of the story, into his eyes comes the cold calculating look which he has when he's figuring how much premium he can get on Carmel City bonds.

"Do you know," he says regretfully, "I'll never forgive myself for not getting the entire water front in exchange for that buckboard. I could have just as well as not, for Devvy sure did want that buggy."

Mr. Devendorf chuckles over it and says, "I'd have given him anything he stuck out for if he'd only known it. But he took those two lots just as easy, though he did kick at their being so far out of town!"



Photos by L. Josselyn and L. Slevin.

1. CARMEL POLICE FORCE. 2. SAM POWERS, EARLY STAGE DRIVER. 3. JOSEPH HAND, FORMER PONY EXPRESS RIDER.
4. DELOS CURTIS, TOWN CRIER FOR MOVIE IN THE OLD DAYS.

How Marty Remembered his Lines.

Everyone around here knows Xavier Martinez, the artist. He numbers many people in Carmel among his most intimate friends. We all have a very tender spot in our hearts for "Marty," who is a sweet, lovable soul. He has never been a resident of Carmel, but has been here often, and he and his work are known well by writers and artists.

Marty is a temperamental genius. At a studio gathering, he can sing and act scenes from the operas with skill and abandon. He is earnest, sincere, big-souled. He tackles either work or play with singleness of purpose, and when they selected him for a part in *The Toad*, his one idea was that he must without fail make good in the performance.

All the old-timers will remember *The Toad*, not only on account of its spectacular dramatic success but also for the sheer beauty of the lines. Mrs. Bertha Newberry was the author, Garnet Holme the producer, with Mr. Newberry playing the leading part. Martinez, due to his low beetling brow, was chosen to be one of the assassins. Perry and Garnet thought they had a find.

The rehearsals progressed. Marty had some difficulty in memorizing his lines, which consisted of the telling sentence, "I pierced him with my knife." He secured a good substantial shingle and spent much time and labor carving it into the most murderous-looking knife that ever pierced a well-beloved king.

The day of the first performance arrived, and Marty had not yet become letter-perfect in his part. Perry went around all day building properties and

doing stage-carpentering, patiently calling out from time to time Marty's cue. And Marty, with equal patience and perseverance, would respond solemnly, "I pierced him with my knife."

When Martinez was finally made up for the performance, he was the most beautiful assassin that ever trod the Forest Theater boards. The red turban wound about his head and knotted in the back, his gleaming black eyes, fierce moustache and swarthy skin added much to the atmosphere of the setting. The curtain was rung up, the play progressed through its successive dramatic stages. Finally the King, Grant Wallace, had been neatly dispatched with Marty's knife, and the villain, John Gribner, was about to be foiled.

The moment was tense. The four assassins crept stealthily up out of the palms. It was time for the criminal to hiss forth his confession.

Marty gulped, hesitated . . . then gulped again. The other three assassins stood petrified, waiting . . . waiting . . . Then, unable to bear it longer, they came gallantly to the rescue as one man, and three voices proclaimed, "I pierced him with my knife." The day was saved, but Marty's humiliation was pitiful to behold.

The next morning he sat in the Newberry patio, rolling his daily supply of cigarettes. "Bertha," said he (roll, roll), "eet ees awful. I must not spòil your beautiful play tonight! (roll, roll). My part ees ver-ry eemportant. Much depends on my lines, yes? (roll, roll). I shall be letter-perfect! *I pierced heem weeth my knife! I pierced heem weeth my knife!*"

All day long Marty rallied to the cause. Whenever any of the cast met him, they gave him the cue,
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and with a wild light in his eye, he would ring out triumphantly, "I pierced heem weeth my knife!"

Let us pass lightly over the hours leading up to the crucial moment. Perry, in his anxiety to have Marty receive his full meed of praise from the audience for his dramatic skill, had cautioned the other assassins to keep quiet and not hog Marty's part away from him. Grim and forbidding, the four assassins bulked formidably on the palace steps. The cue came distinctly. The whole cast was in the wings waiting breathlessly for Marty's dramatic moment. He stood beetling his brows, true to form, but speechless. Perry sent out the cue once more in a sibilant whisper.

The First Assassin shook himself, then his desperate eye lighted on his knife, he thought of the shingle that had given it birth, and he gasped:

"OH G-A-W-D!! I KEELED HEEM WEETH MY STEECK!!"

Curtain

When Our Own Tom Played the Front Legs of the Elephant.

Speaking of bad language, did you ever hear of the fifty-seven varieties of profanity that Tom Reardon put on the market at the zenith of his dramatic career?

Here's how it happened. Way back in—I disremember what year—when Perry Newberry's *Aladdin* was produced, one of the most important roles in the play was that of the elephant. It might be said to be one of the heavy parts.

If you don't think it takes a knowledge of stage technique to make a perfectly good convincing elephant,

you just try it. But Perry's skill was equal to it. He got a man to play the front legs and a man for the hind legs, gave them a heavy platform to carry on their heads, and threw over the whole thing a painted canvas elephant skin. On top of that elephant was a gorgeous canopied throne.

At the last minute, on the night of the performance, the cast was panicstricken at the dire news that the front legs of the elephant were missing! You see, the advancement of the plot depended on the maneuvering of that elephant. The play just couldn't proceed until the elephant could frisk and gambol properly, and it was sadly evident that he needed a full complement of legs.

Friendship is a wonderful thing. You never appreciate a true friend until he helps you out of a hole. Not for nothing had Perry Newberry had Tom Reardon fix his kitchen sink. He might even be said to have plumbed his way deep into Perry's affections. Be that as it may, Perry sent a hurry call out to Tom, who was seated in the audience looking forward to enjoying the show, that he wanted him to play the front legs of the elephant.

Now Tom was a good honest plumber—and he was something of an actor. He could do justice to bathtubs and bills. He could have played the polished footman, the roughneck robber, the dying old silvery-haired grandfather. He would even have tackled Little Eva uncomplainingly. But—to be asked to cover up his brand new suit with an old painted elephant hide and to get into a pair of elephant legs. This was a depth of ignominy poor Tom had never expected to *plumb*. Yet nobly he rose to the occasion. He [94]



Photos by L. Josselyn and L. Slevin.

FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT AND JAMES HOPPER AT AN ABALONE
LEAGUE BALL GAME.

GENE BYRNES WITH TWO OF HIS "REG'LAR FELLERS," JIMMIE
DOUGAN AND BEANO GOLDEN.

PERRY NEWBERRY SCANNING TOWN BULLETIN BOARD

went behind the stage. Perry grasped his hand, his blue eyes filled and his voice trembled with emotion as he said: "Old man! Old man!" Words failed him. He pointed mutely to the waiting legs, and the play Aladdined on.

I think it must have been when Tom donned the leg coverings that he launched his first variety of choice epithets upon a preoccupied and inattentive crowd. Those legs were just painted that afternoon . . . the paint wasn't quite dry . . . and, as I said before, Tom had on his best suit!

The next straw to break the elephant's back was a one hundred and fifty pound princeling seated on the throne that was borne up by the much-enduring front legs.

Now it was the duty of Kenneth Goold, who played the Slave of the Lamp, or Keeper of the Animals or something of that sort, to guide the elephant safely on and off the stage. The front legs had had no rehearsal, the heavy canvas covering was anything but transparent, and our good friend Tom was as helpless as a newborn babe to find his way about.

When the grand triumphal procession left the stage amid the plaudits of the mob and audience, Kenneth and his elephant became separated! Kenneth departed from the stage in ordinary human fashion, but the elephant got its front legs tangled up with the trunk of a tree, and there it stayed, reeling and helpless. Even the back legs had escaped and Tom was left to bear alone his weight of sorrow, throne and princeling. It was a cold cruel world. He had stood cheerfully the freshly painted legs, the burden of the throne's weight, the ignominy of being made into a piece of

scenery—but to be deserted and forgotten in his hour of trial!

Then it was that the air turned blue on that part of the stage. Low rumblings of profanity were heard. The princeling's throne trembled under the shock. The rumblings grew louder and louder. To Perry Newberry in the wings it began to sound like the trumpeting of a wounded elephant. He looked around, and found Kenneth Goold.

"Where is that elephant?" he demanded sternly.

"Somewhere on the stage. I lost him on the way out," answered Kenneth meekly.

"Go back and get that elephant," ordered Perry, "before he starts all over again in another language."

Perry reckons that Tom endured his stage wait just about a minute, but Tom Reardon swears that he was lost astride that tree for a solid half hour.

The Police Force of Carmel and its Remarkable Activities.

I was gloating over my Crimson Ramblers as usual about eight-thirty in the morning when the Marshal passed. His name is August Englund, but except when some facetious person suggests that Englund expects every man to do his duty, he is known to the general public as "The Marshal" and to his particular friends as Gus. When he is taken unawares and looks pleasant for a moment, he always acts ashamed of it for an hour thereafter. A frown expressing the dignity of his position usually has possession of his ruddy face as he pursues his duties.

By eight-thirty-two we get going about as follows:

"Nice day to-day, Chief."

"Ya-as, no rain to-day."

"Do you think the fog will drift in by and by?"

"Na-aw, no fog to-day."

Then he gives me a stern glance or two to make sure that I'm not throwing eggshells in the bushes or harboring a wheelbarrow that doesn't belong to me, and drifts on. If I failed to greet the Marshal in the morning, I should feel that the sun had not punched the clock on time or that I'd missed my morning coffee. He's a stimulant, indeed—at times, quite heady—and about the most picturesque and useful figure around here.

The Prince of Wales has nothing on the Marshal in the way of titles. He is Tax Collector, Mounted Escort for all visiting dignitaries, Protector of the Unprotected, Chief of Police, Traffic Cop, Bailiff of the Court and Head of the Board of Censorship for Undesirables. He makes the fire in the City Hall on board nights, and when some one comes to the meeting, Gus gets him a chair. He also runs a checking bureau for the Trustees' overcoats.

The Marshal is very thorough in the performance of his duties and has never been known to refuse a request for assistance even to drowning a pillowslip of cats recently for the wife of a well-known author. He didn't object to playing the role of chief mourner at the passing of the tabbies, but he grumbled a trifle at being asked to go a mile out of his way to return the pillowslip!

The Board of Trustees recently passed ordinances which provide for the licensing of cats as well as dogs, and forbidding chickens to appear on the main street.

The ignominy of having to enforce these ordinances sits heavily upon the Marshal. He claims that when he rounds up the cats and tags them, he can't find any one to claim them. And despite his utmost vigilance, an occasional fat hen will wander into the dry-goods store to be casually swept out at the matutinal hour of cleaning.

The Marshal's life isn't just one joyride of chasing cats and chickens. He can organize search parties for missing husbands, he can spot a petting party a mile off, and he has a sure instinct for finding dead bodies.

Gus, without his black horse, seems as incomplete as one half of a pair of scissors. Early each morning they make the rounds of the town. First, down to the beach to allow Beauty to drink her mornin's mornin' of salt water. Then up by the Point to see whether Mrs. So-and-so again forgot to turn off her porch light. A frightened female runs out to tell him that she thought she heard steps under her window the night before. Solemnly Gus gets out his revolver and tape line. After due investigation he proclaims that the marauder must have been a dog. Farther down the line a strange lady appears in negligee and asks his assistance in lighting her coal oil stove. In the next block he stops to inform an innocent equestrienne that the cinch of her saddle is dangerously loose. She looks an appeal and he cheerfully tightens it, throwing in a few words of advice about the art of horsemanship in general.

The Marshal is a clearing house for disputes, settlements, troubles and difficulties of all kinds. If there's anything under heaven that's unpleasant to do, if there's something no one in your family wishes to

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do, send for the Marshal. But don't ask him to countenance bootlegging for he's one of the old-fashioned kind of American citizen who believes the law was made to be obeyed. Moreover he's an efficient sniff-squad all by himself.

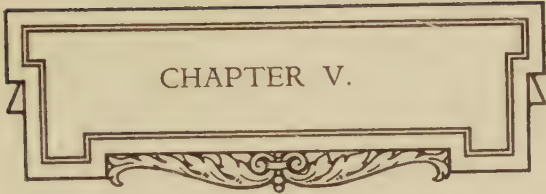
Occasionally his duties lead Gus into important and dangerous experiences. Carmel is yet without a "hoose-gow." About once in five years or so it becomes necessary for the City Government to ask the hospitality of its sister city Monterey for entertaining some knight of the road who has been found wandering to no good purpose in the sacred precincts of the art colony. A short time ago the Marshal was called upon to suggest to such a gentleman that he face about away from the setting sun and continue on his travels. He protested that he was a follower of the Muse, who loved freedom and liberty, that he hadn't done any harm and that he wished to wander in the haunts of creative art.

Unmoved, Gus arrested him in the name of the Law and Perry Newberry, got a taxi and started for Monterey. Whereupon the prisoner expressed his resentment by kicking through the curtains of the car and biting the Marshal viciously on the arm. The Trustees were obliged to stand for the repair bill, the doctor bill and four days' board for the prisoner in the Monterey jail.

There is a strong movement now on foot to put a padlock on the Marshal's garage and use it for the town jail so that Monterey shall not profit by Carmel crime.

If you're friendly with the Marshal, he'll stop and

chat a bit. He'll give you a rare, shy smile and show you how nicely Beauty can do a showy bit of side-stepping. Your last view of him is an erect, soldierly figure in khaki seated on a big black horse gracefully waltzing away down the hillside.



CHAPTER V.

MONTEREY

IF YOU glance back as you reach the top of the hill on your first trip from Monterey to Carmel, you will exclaim in delight at the panorama spread out below. The sun glistens on the red and green roofs of the little white houses of Monterey . . . a flock of colorful fishing boats lie on the dimpling blue waters of the bay . . . a white, foam-fringed beach stretches in a long crescent to lose itself at the foot of the mysterious Santa Lucia Hills.

If you linger in Monterey for a day, you will doubtless hunt out the old adobes scattered here and there in the maze of the town's winding streets—old mud walls and buildings dreaming in the sunshine now, but full of reminiscent glory of the times when dashing caballeros and dainty senoritas danced the tarantella in the moonlight. You will visit the big barrack-like house where Robert Louis Stevenson lived; Colton Hall in which the California Constitution was adopted and the first California legislature was held; the House of

the Four Winds, the first Hall of Records in the State; and the quaint little low building, half-frame, half adobe, which so proudly bears the title "First Theater in California." The long low room inside is now a museum, but you may still see the wooden drop which separated stage from audience and was hooked up to the ceiling when the play began.

If your wanderings have made you hungry, you will probably walk to the end of Alvarado Street to find Pop Ernest's. Here, to the plaintive cry of the sea gulls and the sound of the waters of the bay lapping gently against the wooden piles, you will enjoy the famous abalone and the genial smile of the host, without which your visit to Monterey is scarcely complete.

On the steep hillside that rises from this end of the town is located the Presidio of Monterey, home of the



FIRST THEATRE IN CALIFORNIA,
OLD MONTEREY

Eleventh Cavalry and Second Battalion, 76th Field Artillery. The white monument which stands on the brow of the hills in the Presidio, overlooking the bay, is visible for miles around. This is the memorial to



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND HIS ADOBE HOME.
OLD CUSTOM HOUSE, MONTEREY.

Commodore John Drake Sloat, commemorating the hoisting of the American Flag above California soil, July 7, 1846.

Many of the old landmarks have given way before the march of the progressive spirit of business. The beautiful old Sherman Rose Adobe was taking up valuable space in the exact center of the business district where it was "sitting in the sun and dreaming its endless dream." It was decided that a modern bank building should displace it—and the history and romance that lingered there have fled before the coming of the money-changers.

The first frame house in California, brought around the Horn on a sailing vessel in the old days and set up on Munras Avenue, has recently been torn down to be replaced by a brightly-painted service station.

Many of the old adobes have crumbled into dust, but fortunately many others have been restored and made into picturesque dwellings by those whose vision enabled them to appreciate the beauty and historical association of these romantic structures. One such successful restoration, known as the old Castro adobe, is the home of Gouverneur Morris, novelist and short story writer. Mr. Morris in restoring it has preserved its quaint Spanish atmosphere.

Just outside of Monterey, close to the waters of the Bay, lies the famous Hotel Del Monte in its beautiful park. Shady drives wind among spreading oaks and tall pines. Wide lawns, beds of brilliant flowers and exotic shrubs from all over the world make the grounds unusually lovely both winter and summer. There is a placid lake fringed with plummy pampas grass and

reeds where thousands of birds float in the liquid gold or rose of a reflected sunset.

Del Monte is known to sport lovers far and wide for its golf courses and polo fields, its outdoor Roman plunge, fine tennis courts, trap-shooting grounds, bathing beach, and miles of drives and bridle paths. Golf and polo State championship and other important tournaments are held here.

Del Monte Lodge, six miles from the hotel, overlooks the Bay of Carmel and is more like a luxurious country club than a hotel. One of the most beautifully situated golf links, the Pebble Beach course, which winds along the cliffs, starts and finishes at the Lodge doors. It is the scene of many important games during the year.

For many years past, the shifting sands and tides have alternately covered and exposed the old hulk of the steamship *Natalie* wrecked on the Monterey shore. She was formerly the *Inconstant*, the ship on which Napoleon Bonaparte escaped from the exile island of Elba in 1815. Eighteen years later she was flying the American flag and though supposedly working in the interests of California colonization, was probably being used for smuggling. After the heavy gale which drove her to destruction, Don Jose Abrego, ship's captain, salvaged as much as possible of her teakwood timbers and used them in building the interior of his adobe house, which still stands in Monterey. A few months ago an unusually low tide revealed the last of the hulk, and planks, copper rivets and other mementoes of the famous craft were secured before she disappeared for what is probably the last time.

Despite the efforts of the commercially minded, the City of Monterey still forms a decided link with the romantic past of early California history. The old Custom House where Commodore Sloat hoisted the first American flag in California still stands at the water's edge, one of the most interesting of the adobes, with its long veranda and tiled roof. Descendants of many of the early Spanish families can still be seen in their mantillas, high-heeled shoes and flounced skirts. A picture of the old days is occasionally revived in pageants such as the one given in October 1924, in commemoration of the life and work of Father Serra. Parades and fiestas and pageant-drama were all unique for their beauty, historical accuracy and freedom from commercialism.

ETCHINGS AT CARMEL

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS

Down from the heights of Carmel the pine boughs
And cypress arms in blended beauty reach;
Below them in an undulating line,
The beryl billows break upon the beach.

Beyond the sea kelp sways on the long surge,
And toward the horizon, miles on golden miles,
The fathomless Pacific sweeps away
To beckoning palms on dream envisaged isles.

POPPIES

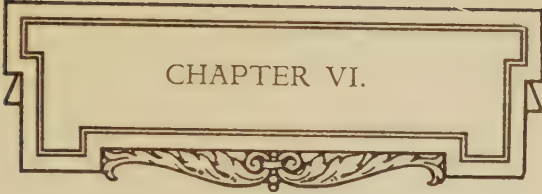
Their chalices of ruddy gold
The poppies lift beguilingly;
What a rich nectar they will spill
When the south wind sets in from sea!

And yet the sun will brim them still,
Again will fill each shining cruse;
Flooded with radiant dreams they are,
And we have but to stoop and choose;

A dream for you, a dream for me,
A loveliness that never dies,
Beside the curve of Carmel bay,
Beneath the curve of Carmel skies.



"TILL THE SALT, WILD WATERS BOILED AND THE SPRAY WAS
THIN ON THE BLAST."—*George Sterling.*



CHAPTER VI.

POINT LOBOS.

Past Carmel lies a headland that the deep—

A Titan at his toil—

Has graven with the measured surge and sweep
Of waves that broke ten thousand years ago.

Here winds assoil

That blow

From unfamiliar skies

And isolating waters of the West.

Deep-channelled by the billows' rage it lies

As tho the land

Thrust forth a vast, tree-shaggy hand

To bar the furious ocean from its breast.

From Altar of the West by George Sterling.



THREE miles from Carmel is a promontory extending into the sea. Its geographical name is Point Carmel, but it is known to the people round-about as Point Lobos — for wolf tracks were there before the footsteps of man. Thin—lonely—gaunt—Point Lobos sticks its encrusted nose into the waters of the Pacific. Sharp, angular offshoots of the headland surround fathomless deep pools and swirling surf. Huge cypress trees, bare

of foliage, their trunks rusted with the salt spume of the sea, cling tenaciously to the rocks.

“—the buttressed writhings of the cypress trunks
And branches swollen with blood-red lichen.”

—*Robinson Jeffers.*

By night the moonlight gives strange fancies. The twisted limbs become ghostly arms; the black shadows are dark curtains which shield a mystic realm peopled by creatures of fantasy; wild animals come out of hiding places and steal across the moonlit spaces.

Point Lobos is a Paradise to the artist, an inspiration to the dreamer of dreams, a happy-hunting-ground to the writer who loves legend and romance, holy soil to the occultist who believes that a prehistoric race of men once dwelt on Lobos' jagged cliffs. In that dim past, this headland was supposed to be a veritable Garden of Eden. There was innocence and simplicity and a high state of mental development, and the people lived secure and tranquil lives. Then the serpent came and the black poison of selfishness and greed warped and distorted the men's minds and brought destruction to the race.

Those who claim to understand the language of the immortals declare that the twisted and writhing trees are but reincarnations of old souls, earthbound, and doomed to haunt the shadowy places until there shall arise a new race of god-like men. Some there are who believe that this fantastic bit of nature's workmanship is the only remaining part of the "Lost Hills of Lemuria."

Be all that as it may, Point Lobos is always the tantalizing, elusive thing—ever buoyant, beautiful, im-

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penetrable. Its Druid altars, gnome-like trees—the ominous, many-toned voice of the sea—tie you up to a far-off past. You want to reach down into a hidden consciousness after something that has been there since the world began—tear it out of the shadows and bring it into the sunlight.

Robinson Jeffers' poem, *Tamar*, embodies many of Lobos' legends and tragic memories. *An Altar of the West* by George Sterling is prescient with a vision of its future inspiration. He says:

“And yet thou seemest more than all the rest
That eye and ear attest—
A watch-tower on the mountains whence we see
On future skies
The rose of dawn to be;
The altar of an undiscovered shore;
A dim assurance and a proud surmise;
A gleam
Upon the bubble, Time;
* * * * *
Still must thou speak,
August and consecrate,
Of that Reality we can but seek,
Tho seeking fail—
That Sun eternal and inviolate,
Whereof thou art the portent and the veil.





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